



Imprimatur.

Roger L' Estrange.

Novemb. 1. 1664.





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SCARRON'S NOVELS.

Viz.

The JUDGE IN HIS OVVN CAUSE.

The RIVAL-BROTHERS.

The INVISIBLE MISTRESS.

The CHASTISEMENT OF AVARICE.

Rendred into English by
JOHN DAVIES of Kidwelly.

LONDON,

Printed for *Thomas Dring*, at the George in
Fleet-Street near *Cliffords-Inn*. 1665.

NOV 2

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
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THE DIVISION OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

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JOHN BROWN OF NEW YORK

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To the most
A C C O M P L I S ' D ,
THOMAS STANLEY
Esq;



T the first coming abroad of the three former of these *Novels* in *Eng-lish*, they were address'd to you, partly upon this accompt, that they were rendred into that Language at *Cumberlow*, it being but just you should have the Patronage, of what had its birth under your roof. The lightness of the Subject might indeed have deterr'd me, from prefixing before it, a Name, which will challenge veneration,
till

till that of *Philosophy* have lost the respect due to it, and the world be re-involv'd in Ignorance and Barbarism : but my presumption on the kindnesses you were pleas'd to have for me, and the earnestness I had to make some publick acknowledgment of my extraordinary obligations to you, overcame that difficulty.

When the Books of the *former* Edition were nigh spent, and that I was call'd upon, to provide for another, it was again my fortune, after almost two years retirement in *Wales*, to come to your House, where I had the opportunity, to review what was printed, and make what additions I could thereto, out of the same Author's works. So that the same reason, which I had, at first, to make, obliges me to continue, the Dedication of these Pieces to you; but with this advantage now, that I am the less solicitous of their fate, since the entertainment, some of them have already found, is such, as hath encourag'd the Book-seller to venture at a *Second* Impression.

But if these were not sufficient, I have several other motives, which would not suffer

suffer me to decline the doing of what I am now upon, but particularly one, whence I derive the greatest satisfaction imaginable, which is, that, by this Address, all those who love, that is, all who know you, will be assur'd, of your having o'come a Sickness, which begat a general report of your death.

And this reflection, me-thinks, may well dispence a little, with my retreat into the style of the antient Dedicatories, which were commonly concluded with wishes and prayers. Mine are, at the present, that, for some time yet, we may not have the occasion to bemoan the loss of so precious a life as yours; That the Health you have so happily recover'd may have an uninterrupted continuance for many years; And when you are cloy'd with the enjoyments and happiness of this world, (which, as you are wont to express it, consist in these three words, *wife, Children, Friends*) you may, by the attendance of those Learned men, whose Labours all subsequent Ages will be oblig'd to, be convey'd into the joys and bliss of another. And I doubt not of my having, after so long acquaintance, so much
credit

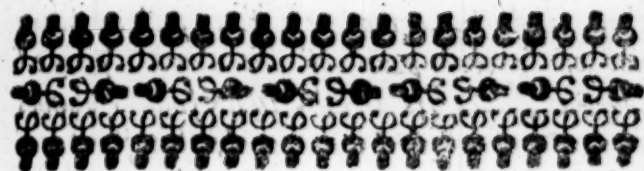
credit with you, as that, when I am devour,
you will believe me sincere, and, conse-
quently, that these are the hearty wishes
of,

HONOURED SIR,

*Your most humble and
most obliged Servant,*

J. DAVIES.

The



THE
PREFACE,

Giving an Accompt of the
Author of these *Novels*,
some of his other Works,
and his Person.

THE three former of these
Novels were printed here
some four or five years
since, and so well receiv'd,
that the scarcity of them
soon call'd upon the Book-
seller for a second Impressi-
on. This kind entertainment thereof put me
upon an enquiry, what there might be more,
A of

The Preface.

of the same kind, written by the same Author, and I have made a shift to pick up four, out of several parts of his works, printed together, since his Death, in six small Volumes in 12°. of which I have onely this short account to give.

Of the Six, there are onely two Volumes in Prose, whereof one, he entitles *Le Roman Comique*, or, *The Comical Romance*. It is a description of the Lives of certain Country-Comedians, and other people, of several Conditions; but done, with such a natural smartness, as very few Authors have been so happy as to arrive to; and he does not bring any upon the Stage, to whom there happen not some very pleasant adventures. To this it may be added, that it is written in a stile particular to this Author, whose inclination to raillery is so much the more remarkable, in that he could not forbear it, even in those relations, wherein he was himself concern'd.

I am inform'd, that, some years since, a Person of Quality made it his recreation, to render part of that divertive Romance into English, translating not onely the Work, but also the Scene, out of France into England: and no doubt but the design would have taken infinitely

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infinitely well, had it been prosecuted. But ere he had compleated his work, the Scene of our English Affairs was miraculously chang'd, from Anarchy to Monarchy, and that Person being highly engag'd in the Transactions happening upon his Majesty's happy Restauration, there was such a stop put to what he had done therein, that it hath remain'd imperfect ever since : whence it may well be ghes's'd, there is somewhat in it so far transcending ordinary Translation, that no other Hand durst attempt it.

Out of this Romance, whereof there are now two parts extant in French, I have taken three of the Newly-printed Novels ; to wit,

*The Judge in his own Cause ;
The Rival-Brothers ; and
The Invisible Mistress.*

'Tis a thousand pitties, that the Author hath, prevented by Death, left the work imperfect ; so that we are, and ever shall be, at a loss, to know, what period he might bring so many noble Adventures to. Had he compleated it, we should have found, whether he could have given his principal Heroe a more honourable Exit, than to make it, on a Gibbet,

The Preface.

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The Preface.

at Pontoise, as he was wont to say himself, and may be seen in a Dedicatory of his to the *Abbot Menagius*, and *Monsieur Sarrazin*, before a little Piece in Verse, entituled, A true Relation of what happened between the Poets and the Destinies, upon the Death of Monsieur de Voiture.

His other Works, in Prose, are onely these NOVELS, and some LETTERS, which being but few, and those so particular about his own occasions and necessities, there will not be much worth the Translation into English. Among these was found the last Novel; to wit,

The Chastisement of Avarice.

*All the rest of his works are Poetry, in four Volumes; two, of Plays, Fragments of Plays, Epistles, &c. One, of Poems, upon several occasions; and the last, containing eight Books of the *Æneids*, in Burlesque, under the title of, *Le Virgile Travesty*; in which kind of writing lay his chiefest excellency: but all together may justly secure him the title of the smartest, and most pleasant writer of this last Age.*

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As to his Person, the accompt we have to give of it, is deriv'd, partly from what he hath deliver'd himself, and partly from the Character given him by his Friends. What we have from himself happen'd upon this occasion. The fore-mentioned Piece dedicated to Menagius and Sarrazin, being in the Press, there chanc'd to be some vacant Pages, whereupon the Book-seller intreating Monsieur Scarron, to bethink himself of some thing to fill them up, (for the humour of doing it with Catalogues of other Books, it seems, was not much in vogue in France) he gave him the ensuing Description of himself, at the beginning whereof, there was a Brass-cut, wherein he was represented sitting in a great Chair, with his back towards the Beholders, and five Women on the one side, and four on the other, as it were to represent the nine Muses. I shall here give the said Description, just as if I had the same occasion to do it as my Author had.

TO THE
READER,

Who never saw me.

REader, who never saw'st me, and haply are not much troubled at it, out of conceit, that there is little to be gotten by the sight of such a person as I am, know, that, for my part, I should have been as indifferent, as thou art, whether I were seen by thee or not, if I had not been inform'd, that some, very ingenious Persons, make my misery their sport, and give a description of me quite different from what I am. Some say, that, if I could be capable of any motion, it would not be much unlike that of those exemplary Cripples, who go on their Hands and Britch; others affirm I have no Thighs, and that, being set on the Table in a Box, purposely made for me, I there fall a prating like an one-ey'd Parrat: And others yet are so pleasant, as to say, that, my Hat being ty'd to the end of a Cord, which runs through

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through a Pully fasten'd to the Roof of my Chamber, I, having the other end of the said Cord in my hands (which it seems I must not be able to lift up to my head) make a Shift, to raise up, and let it fall, to salute those who come to visit me.

I conceive my self therefore oblig'd in conscience, to give a check to these calumnies, that the World may at length be undeceiv'd, and to that end, have I caus'd the Plate, which thou maist see at the beginning of this Preface, to be graven. I doubt not, Reader, but thou wilt grumble, (for grumbling is very natural to all Readers, and I am inclin'd to it my self, as well as others, when I am a Reader) thou wilt grumble, I say, and quarrel at me, that thou hast not a sight of my fore-part. To satisfy thee, know, that it is not out of any irreverence, or want of civility, that I turn my back-side to the Company, but for this reason, that the convexity of my Back is fitter to receive an inscription, than the concavity of my Breast, which is over-shadow'd by the pendency of my Head, and that by that side, as well as the other, a Man may take a survey of the Site, or rather, the irregular platform of my Person. Without any imagination, that the

The Preface.

world should think it self oblig'd by such a Present (for, by the Nine Gentle-Lasses that stand about me, I never hop'd my Head would ever become the Original of a Medal). I would have had my Picture drawn, if any Painter durst have attempted it. For want of that, take this account of my Person.

I am somewhat above thirty years of age, as thou maist see by the back of my chair. If I live to forty, I shall make a great addition of miseries, to those I have already suffer'd, within these eight or nine years. I was of a passable stature, though somewhat below the middle size; but my diseases have shortned it by a foot and better. My head is somewhat of the biggest, considering my stature. My face is pretty full, and plump, compar'd to the Skeleton I am thence downwards. I am so well furnish'd with hair, that I need wear no Periwig, and much of it is turn'd grey, in spite of the Proverb. My sight is good enough, though my eyes somewhat larger than they should be: they are blew, and one of them more sunk into my head than the other. My nose stands well enough. My teeth, sometimes so many pearls, are
now

The Preface.

now of a colour between black and blew. I have lost one and a half on the left side, and two and a half on the right, and I have two a little broken. My legs and thighs made at first an obtuse, then an equal, and at last, an acute angle. My thighs and my body making another, and my head hanging down over my breast, I am a certain representative or Hieroglyphick of the Letter Z. My arms are contracted as well as my legs, and my fingers as well as my arms. In a word, I am a certain contraction or Epitome of humane misery.

Thus much as to my figure; and since I am so far in my way, I will give thee a slight touch of my humour. 'Tis more than I promis'd; but, to deal freely with thee, Reader, take notice, that this Preface is design'd onely to swell the Book, upon the importunity of the Seller, whose fear it was, he should not save himself by the Impression. Were it not for that, it would be to as little purpose as many others are. But this is not the first time, that some people shew themselves fools, out of compliance with others, besides the fooleries they are guilty of upon their own account.

As

The Preface.

As to my humour then; I am to confess, that I am somewhat cholerick, a lover of good meat, and inclin'd to sloath. I often call my Man fool or coxcomb, and presently after, Sir, and Monsieur. I hate nobody; God grant others have the same kindness for me. I am very glad when I have money, and would be much more, if I had my health. I am merry enough in company, and not much unsatisfi'd, when I am alone. I endure my miseries patiently enough. And now I think my Preface is long enough, and that it is time I should make an end of it.

So far the Author's description of himself, upon the occasion before mentioned. What we have from his friends is before his Virgil Travesty, consisting of certain Papers of Verses before that Piece, whereof some being in French, some in Latine, we shall cull out onely the Latine Copies, as more particularly describing his Person and Indispositions.

In



*In Gallicam Scarronis Æ-
neidem ludicro carmine
scriptam.*

DEbile *Scarronis* corpus, contractaq;
membra,

Indomitus vexat nocte diéque dolor.

Hinc caput obliquâ pronum cervice fatiscit,

Nec licet obtutus tollere ad astra suos.

Utque manus premit innocuas cruciatque
chiragra,

Sic secat immeritos sæva podagra pedes.

Et malè nodosos macies depascitur artus,

Tabidâque arefcens vix tegit ossa curis.

Torqueris levius volvendo, Sisyphæ, saxo;

Quique renascenti pectore pascis avem.

Et tamen in mediis ridere doloribus audet,

Nec miserum læti deseruere joci.

Ridiculum Æneam, Troas, Danaosq; facetus,

Insolitâ Gallis arte, Poëta facit.

Oblectant animos, non jam naufragia terrent,

Itala quæ finxit, Vate Marone, Clio.

Festivè

Festivè ventique ruunt, atq; æquora versant,
Jucundè Phrygias & quatit unda rates.
Et supplex precibus superos dicacibus orat
Naufragus, & grato cum sale nauta perit.
Nec flenda ingentis modo sunt incendia
Trojæ;

Hæc possint Priamo sic placuisse seni.
Ipsa quoque in Teucros jocularis concipit
iras

Altiſoni conjux, Juno, sororque Jovis.
Tam benè qui ludit, dum toto corpore, lan-
guens,

Deficit, innumeris obruiturque malis :
Vel certè humanâ Deus est sub imagine
Scarro,

Ingenio pollet vel propiore Dei.

C. FERAMUS.

*In Æneida Mimicam &
jocosam Pauli Scarronis.*

COrpore Scarra æger, sed cui ridere de-
corum,
Phoebus, Amor, Charites, & Venus ipsa
dedit.
Gratum opus urbanis, Urbanae Æneidos
Autor,
Transtulit in lepidos Arma Virumque
jocos.

ATTICUS SECUNDUS.

In

SCARRONI ex Patre
Nepoti.

SI punctum omne tulit, qui miscuit utile
dulci,
Ludendo scribens seria quid meruit?
Virgilii miranda legens ridere jubetur;
Hoc debet, Scarro, Gallica Musa, tibi.

Urb. Scarron Patrons.

The



SCARRON'S NOVELS.

The Judge in his own Cause.

The Fourth Novel.



Rince *Mulei*, son to the King of *Morocco*; having lost the company with whom he had spent the day in hunting, was got alone, and that in the night-time, among certain rocks on the Sea-side, not above an hours gentle walking from the City of *Fez*. The sky was not over-cast with the least cloud; the Sea glaz'd up
B in

in an undisturbed calm, and so might serve for a Mirror to the Moon and Stars, which seem'd to sparkle no less there, than in their proper Element: in fine, it was one of the pleasantest sights of those warmer Countries, which exceed the warm days of our colder Regions. The Prince galloping gently along the River side, diverted himself in considering the emulation between the Constellations above in the Firmament, and those which seem'd to be on the surface of the Water, when the sad accents of some doleful shrieking piercing his ears, rais'd in him a curiosity to go to the place whence he conceiv'd it might proceed. After a little riding, he found, among the rocks, a woman, who, as much as her strength would permit, made her party good against a man, who violently endeavour'd to bind her hands, while another woman was employ'd to stop her mouth with a linnen cloth.

The arrival of the young Prince prevented the Actors of that violence to proceed any further therein, and gave her a little respite, whom they intended to treat so unworthily. *Mulei* ask'd her, what might occasion her crying out, and the others, what they would have done to her? But instead of any reply, the man comes up to him with his Cimitar drawn, and would have dangerously wounded him, had he not, by the nimbleness of his horse, avoided the blow. How now, impious wretch, says *Mulei* to him, dar'st thou offer violence to the Prince of *Fez*? I knew thee very well to be my Prince, replies the Moor: nay it is because thou art my Prince, and that it is in thy power to punish me, that I must either have thy life, or lose my own.

With

Nov. I. *The Judge in his own Cause.* 3

With those words he made at *Mulei* with such a desperate fury, that the Prince, though much fam'd for his valour, was reduc'd to a necessity not so much of assaulting, as securing himself against so dangerous an enemy. The two women in the mean time were very seriously engag'd, and she who a little before gave her self over for lost, kept the other from running away, as if she doubted not but her Champion would obtain the victory. Despair sometimes heightens a man's courage, nay sometimes derives it to those who have least of it. Though the Prince's valour was incomparably beyond that of his Adversary, and maintain'd, by a more than ordinary skill and vigour; yet the punishment, which the Moor's crime deserv'd, made him hazard all, and gave him so much courage and force, that the victory was a great while in suspense between the Prince and him: but Heaven, which commonly protects those it raises above others, fortunately directed the Prince's retinue, which he had lost the evening before, to pass so near the place, as to hear the noise of the Combatants, and the cries of the women. They make all the speed they could thither, and came in just as their Master having worsted his bold Adversary, had laid him on the ground, where he would not kill him, but reserve him for a more exemplary punishment. He thereupon order'd some of his people to bind him to a horse-tail, so as that he might not attempt ought against himself or any other. Two Gentlemen took up the two women behind them, and so *Mulei* and his retinue got to *Fez*, just with the break of day. This young Prince govern'd as absolutely in *Fez*, as if he had been already King

4 *The Judge in his own Cause.* Nov. 4.

of it. He order'd the Moor to be brought before him, his name was *Amet*, and he was son to one of the wealthiest Inhabitants of *Fez*. The two women were not known by any, in regard the Moors, the most jealous of all mankind, are extremely careful in keeping their wives and slaves from the sight of all others.

The woman, whom the Prince had reliev'd, surpriz'd both him and all his Court with the transcendency of her beauty, which was such as had not been seen before in *Africk*, and also with a Majestick air, which the wretched habit of a slave could not hide from their eyes who admir'd her. The other was clad as those women of the country are, whose quality is somewhat above the ordinary rate, and might pass for handsome, though much less than the former. But though she might enter into competition with her as to beauty, yet the paleness which through a certain Fear had settled in her countenance depriv'd it of so much of its lustre, as that of the former receiv'd advantage from that lively redness, which a modest blush had gently spread over it. The Moor appear'd before *Mulei* with the countenance and deportment of a Criminal, having his eyes continually fasten'd on the ground. *Mulei* commanded him to acknowledge his crime, or expect to die in the greatest torments. "I know well enough what is prepar'd for me, and what I have deserv'd, replies the undaunted Moor, and as it will be of little advantage to me to confess any thing, so are there not any torments that shall make me do it. I cannot avoid death, since I would have given it thee, and I would have thee know, that the
"rage

“rage I am in, that I could not dispatch thee, tor-
 “ments me beyond all that can be inflicted on me
 “by the most inventive executioners. These wo-
 “men, *Spaniards* by descent, were my Slaves; one
 “of them hath done as I wish’d her, and compli’d
 “with her fortune, by marrying my Brother
 “*Zaides*; the other would never change her Re-
 “ligion, nor make the least kind return to the
 “love I had for her.

This was all could be gotten out of him. *Mulei*
 order’d him to be put into a Dungeon loaden with
 chains; The Renegado wife of *Zaides* was dis-
 pos’d into another prison, and the beautiful Slave
 was conducted to a Moor’s house, named *Zulema*,
 a person of quality, originally a *Spaniard*, who had
 left *Spain*, because he could not find in his con-
 science to embrace the *Christian* Religion. He
 was descended of the illustrious House of *Zegris*,
 heretofore so famous in *Granada*, and his wife *Zo-
 raida*, who was of the same House, had the repu-
 tation to be the fairest, and wichest, the wittiest
 woman in *Fez*. She was immediately taken with
 the beauty of the Christian Slave, and, upon the
 first conversation they had together, was no less
 with her ingenuity. Had this fair Christian been
 capable of consolation, she would have found it in
 the caresses of *Zoraida*; but as if she purposely
 avoided whatever might alleviate her grief, she en-
 deavour’d as much as she could to be alone, that
 she might afflict her self the more, insomuch that,
 when she was in company with *Zoraida*, she did
 her self no small violence, to smother her sighs, and
 keep in her tears before her.

Prince *Mulei* in the mean time was extremely

desirous to have an account of her adventures. He had discover'd so much to *Zulema*, who being a person he much confided in, he withal acknowledg'd, that he had some inclinations for that fair Christian, and that he had made a discovery thereof to her, had he not inferr'd, from her extraordinary affliction, that he might have an unknown Rival in *Spain*, who, though at a great distance, might prevent his being happy, even in that Country where he was an absolute Prince. *Zulema* thereupon gave his wife order to enquire of the Christian the particulars of her life, and by what accident she came to be Slave to *Amet*. *Zoraida* was as desirous to do it as the Prince, and found it no hard matter to induce the *Spanish* Slave to satisfy her; the other not knowing how to refuse any thing to a person, from whom she had receiv'd so many assurances of tenderness and friendship. She told *Zoraida*, that she would satisfy her curiosity when she pleas'd, but that, having onely misfortunes to acquaint her with, she fear'd the account thereof would be very tedious to her. "You will find it otherwise, replies *Zoraida*, by the attention I shall give you, and my concerns therein will satisfy you, that you may safely entrust the secret thereof to a person who infinitely loves you. Embracing her with these words, she entreated her not to put off any longer the satisfaction she desir'd of her. They were all alone, and the fair Slave, having wip'd off the tears which the memory of her misfortunes drew into her eyes, she thus began the relation thereof.

"My name is *Sophia*, said she, I am a *Spaniard*,
 "born at *Valentia*, and brought up with all the
 "care

"care and tenderness which persons of quality,
 "such as were my Father and Mother, could ex-
 "press towards a Daughter who was the first
 "fruits of their marriage, and soon appear'd wor-
 "thy of their affection. I had a Brother, younger
 "than my self by a year, as lovely a child as could
 "be seen; he lov'd me as much as I lov'd him, and
 "our mutual friendship grew up to such a height,
 "that when we were not together, there might be
 "observ'd in our countenances, such a sadness and
 "disquiet, as the most pleasant diversions of
 "persons of our age were not able to disperse.
 "Order was thereupon taken that we should not
 "be asunder: we learn'd together whatever is
 "commonly taught children, well descended, of
 "both sexes, and so it happen'd, to the great asto-
 "nishment of all, that I came to be as skilful and
 "dextrous as he, in all the violent exercises of a
 "Cavalier, and he as ingenious in whatever is per-
 "formed by young Gentlemen. This extra-
 "ordinary kind of education took so much with a
 "Gentleman, an intimate acquaintance of my Fa-
 "ther's, that he desir'd his children might be
 "brought up with us. The business was propos'd
 "to my Friends, who approved thereof, and the
 "nearness of their houses promoted the design of
 "both parties. That Gentleman was not inferiour
 "to my Father, either as to quality or wealth. He
 "had also onely a Son and a Daughter, much about
 "my Brother's age and mine, insomuch that it was
 "not doubted, but the two Houses would be
 "united one day by a double marriage. *Don*
 "*Carlos* and *Lucia* (so were the Brother and Si-
 "ster call'd) were equally amiable: my Brother

“lov’d *Lucia*, and she him; *Don Carlos* lov’d me;
 “I, him, as much. Our Parents knew it, and were
 “so far from being displeas’d thereat, that had we
 “not been too young, they would then have seen
 “us married together.

“But the happy state of our innocent Loves was
 “disturb’d by the death of my lovely Brother; a
 “violent Fever snatch’d him from hence in eight
 “days, and this was the first of my misfortunes.
 “*Lucia* was so troubled thereat, that no per-
 “suasions could keep her from embracing a Reli-
 “gious life. I was sick to death, and *Don Carlos*
 “was so far given over, as that his Father began
 “to fear he should see himself without issue, so
 “great a grief did he conceive, at the loss of my
 “Brother, whom he lov’d, the danger I was in, and
 “his Sister’s resolution. *Don Carlos*’s Father did
 “soon after, leaving his Son a vast estate. Now
 “was he in a condition to discover the nobleness
 “of his nature; the gallantries he invented to
 “please me prevail’d on my vanity, made his
 “love more publick, and added much to mine.
 “*Don Carlos* often address’d himself to my Pa-
 “rents, desiring them to consummate his happi-
 “ness by bestowing their Daughter on him. He
 “in the mean time continu’d his extraordinary
 “expences, which my Father perceiving, and
 “considering his estate could not hold out long
 “at that rate, resolv’d we should be married. He
 “therefore put *Don Carlos* in hope, that he should
 “ere long be his Son-in-law, at which News he
 “discover’d such an extraordinary joy, as would
 “have persuaded me that he lov’d me above his
 “own life, though I had not been so fully assur’d of

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“it as I was. He appointed a Ball for me, and
 “invited all the Gallantry of the City to it: but
 “to his misfortune and mine, there happen’d to
 “be at it a *Neapolitan* Count, whom some affairs
 “of importance had brought into *Spain*. He
 “thought me handsome enough to fall in love
 “with, and having enquired what quality my Fa-
 “ther was of, he went, and, without any other
 “ceremony, demanded me of him in marriage.
 “My Father, dazzled at the wealth and quality of
 “this Stranger, promis’d him what he desir’d,
 “and that very day sent *Don Carlos* word, that
 “he might forbear all further addresses to his
 “Daughter, forbad me to receive his visits, and
 “commanded me to look on the *Italian* Count,
 “as the person I should be married to, as soon as
 “he were return’d from *Madrid*. I dissembled
 “my affliction before my Father; but as soon as
 “I was got alone, *Don Carlos* presented himself
 “to my imagination, as the most aimable person
 “in the world. I reflected on all could be quar-
 “rel’d at in the *Italian* Count; I conceiv’d an
 “implacable aversion against him, and I felt my
 “self so possess’d with the love of *Don Carlos*,
 “that it was equally impossible for me to live with-
 “out him, and to be happy with his Rival. My
 “recourse was to my tears, but what remedy were
 “they in so great a misfortune.

“While I was in this distraction, *Don Carlos*
 “comes into my chamber, without first demand-
 “ing my permission, as he was wont to do. He
 “found me as it were dissolv’d into tears, nor
 “could he forbear his, though he seem’d willing to
 “conceal what lay heavy on his soul, till he had
 “dis-

“discovered the true Sentiments of mine. He
 “cast himself at my feet, and taking me by the
 “hands, which he bedew’d with his tears, I must
 “then loose you *Sophia*! and a stranger; whom
 “you hardly know, shall be happier than I, because
 “he is somewhat richer. He will be possess’d of
 “you, *Saphia*! and you consent thereto; you,
 “whom I have so infinitely lov’d; you, who
 “would persuade me that you lov’d me, and were
 “promis’d me by a Father, but alas! an unjust
 “Father, an interest’d Father, and one that hath
 “basely recoyl’d from his word! If you are,
 “*contin’d he*, a Jewel that may be set at any
 “price, ’tis onely my fidelity that can purchase
 “you, and it is upon the account of that, you
 “should be yet mine rather than any Man’s; if
 “you have not forgotten that you have promised
 “me the like. But, *cries he*, do you imagine that
 “a person who had the courage to raise his desires
 “to you, wants it to be reveng’d of one you
 “prefer before him; or will you think it strange,
 “that a Wretch who hath lost all should not un-
 “dertake any thing? If you are content that I
 “alone should perish, this fortunate Rival shall
 “live; since he is so happy as to please you, and
 “you think him worthy your protection: but *Don*
 “*Carlos*, who is now become odious to you, and
 “whom you have given over to his despair, will
 “dye of a Death cruel enough, to satiate the hatred
 “you have for him.

“*Don Carlos, reply’d I*, do you joyn forces
 “with an unjust Father, and a person whom I
 “never could fancy, to persecute me, and im-
 “pute to me, as a particular crime, a misfortune
 “which

“which is common to us both? You may rather
 “bemoan than accuse me, and berthink your self
 “of the means to preserve me yours, than pierce
 “my soul with undeserv’d reproaches. I could
 “make more just ones to you, and force you to
 “acknowledge, that you never sufficiently lov’d
 “me, since you never sufficiently knew me. But
 “we have no time to loose in fruitless remon-
 “strances. Carry me where you please, I’ll fol-
 “low you, and therefore I give you leave to at-
 “tempt any thing, and promise to second you in
 “it, so that I may ever be yours.

“*Don Carlos* was so reviv’d at these words,
 “that he was as much transported with joy, as he
 “had been before with grief. He begg’d a thou-
 “sand pardons for his having charg’d me with the
 “injustice he thought done him, and having sa-
 “tisfy’d me, that unless I were remov’d thence,
 “it was impossible I should avoid complying with
 “my Father’s will, I referr’d my self wholly to
 “his disposal, and promis’d him, that the second
 “night after, I would be ready to go along with
 “him. *Don Carlos* spent the next day in setting
 “his affairs in order, made provision of Money,
 “and a Bark, which was to set sail, whenever he
 “sent orders to that purpose. In the meantime
 “I made up all my Jewels, and what Money I
 “had, and, being a person so young as I was, so
 “well dissembled my design, that no body had
 “the least suspicion of it. I was not observ’d by
 “any, so that I might safely take my way out at
 “the Garden-door, where I found *Claudio*, a
 “Page, whom *Don Carlos* had a kind of fondness
 “for, upon the account of his skill in Singing,
 “which

“ which was as excellent as his Voice , and that
 “ in his manner of speaking, and all his actions,
 “ he discover’d a greater pitch of ingenuity, under-
 “ standing, and gentleness of carriage, than the
 “ condition of a Page is commonly observ’d to
 “ have. He told me, that his Master had sent him
 “ before, to conduct me to the Bark, and that he
 “ could not come himself, for some reasons I
 “ should know when I saw him. A Slave of *Don*
 “ *Carlos*, whom I also knew very well, soon after
 “ came to us. We got out of the City without
 “ any trouble, and were not gone far from it ere
 “ we perceiv’d a Vessel in the Road, and soon
 “ after a Shallop that waited for us at the Water-
 “ side. They told me, that my dear *Don Carlos*
 “ would come very suddenly, and that in the mean
 “ time, I should go to the Vessel. The Slave
 “ carry’d me into the Shallop, and several Men,
 “ whom I had observ’d on the shore, and took for
 “ Mariners, forc’d *Claudio* also to get into the
 “ Shallop, who seem’d to make some resistance,
 “ to avoid coming into it. This added to the
 “ trouble I was already in, for the absence of *Don*
 “ *Carlos*. I ask’d the Slave where he was ; he
 “ roundly answer’d, I was not to expect any *Don*
 “ *Carlos* there.

“ In the mean time, I could hear *Claudio* cry-
 “ ing out as loud as he could, and bursting forth
 “ into tears, saying to the Slave , Treacherous
 “ *Amet!* is it thus thou keep’st thy promise with
 “ me, and, by removing my Rival out of the way,
 “ leav’st me with my Lover ? Imprudent *Claudio!*
 “ replies the Slave, is a Man oblig’d to keep his
 “ word with a perfidious person, or could I expect,
 “ that

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“that one that hath betray’d his own Master,
“should not serve me the like trick, by giving
“notice to those who have the over-sight of the
“Coasts, to make out after me, and deprive me
“of *Sophia*, whom I love beyond my own Life?

“These words spoken to a Woman, whom I
“took all the while to be a Man, and whereof I
“could not understand the meaning, caus’d me so
“great an affliction, that, I fell down in a manner
“dead in the arms of the perfidious Moor, who
“had not stirr’d from me. I continu’d a good
“while in the swoond, which, when I had reco-
“ver’d, I found myself in one of the Cabbins of
“the Vessel, which was now got a good way to
“Sea. Imagine to your self what despair I must
“be in, finding my self without my *Don Carlos*,
“and among the professed enemies of my Reli-
“gion, for I soon perceiv’d that I was in the
“power of the Moors; that the Slave *Amet* had
“absolute power over them, and that his Brother
“*Zaides* was Master of the Vessel. The insolent
“Villain no sooner saw me in a condition to hear
“what he might say, but, in few words he told
“me, that he had a long time had an affection for
“me, and that his passion forc’d him to carry me
“thus away by violence, and to bring me to *Fez*,
“where it should be my own fault, if I were not
“as happy as I might be in *Spain*, as it should be
“his, if I there had any occasion to regret the loss
“of *Don Carlos*. I made a shift to close with
“him, notwithstanding the weakness I was in by
“reason of my former swoounding, and, by a vi-
“gorous attempt, which he thought not off, and
“which, as I told you before, I had learnt when I
“was

“ was a child, I drew out his Cymitar, and had
 “ punish’d him for his perfidiousness, if his Bro-
 “ ther *Zaides* had not seasonably laid hold on my
 “ arm, and so sav’d his Life. It was no hard mat-
 “ ter to disarm me, for, having miss’d my blow,
 “ I forbore making any further vain attempts,
 “ against so great a number of enemies. *Amet*,
 “ who had been frightned at my resolution, or-
 “ der’d all to withdraw out of the room where he
 “ had dispos’d me, and left me in an affliction not
 “ easily to be imagined, after the cruel change
 “ which had happened in my fortunes. I spent
 “ the whole night in bemoaning my self, nor did
 “ the next day bring any remission of my grief.
 “ Time, which many times alleviates such trou-
 “ bles, could do nothing on mine, insomuch that
 “ the second day after our setting out to Sea, I
 “ was in a greater distraction, than I had been that
 “ unlucky night, when, with my liberty, I lost the
 “ hope of ever seeing *Don Carlos* again, and ever
 “ having a minute of enjoyment while I liv’d.
 “ *Amet* had found me so terrible, when ever he
 “ presum’d to appear before me, that he came no
 “ more into my sight. At certain times, some-
 “ what was brought me to eat, but I so obstinate-
 “ ly refus’d it, that the barbarous Moor began to
 “ fear he had brought me away to no purpose.

“ In the interim, the Vessel had pass’d the
 “ Streight, and was not far from the Coast of *Fex*
 “ when *Claudio* comes into my Cabbin. As soon
 “ as I perceiv’d him, unhappy miscreant, who hast
 “ thus betray’d me, said I to him, what had I
 “ done to thee, that thou should’st make me the
 “ most wretched person in the world, and deprive

“ me

me of *Don Carlos* : You were too much
 " belov'd of him, *replies he*, and since I lov'd
 " him as well as you did, I have committed no
 " great crime, in endeavouring to remove a Rival,
 " as far as I could from him : but if I have be-
 " tray'd you, *Amet* hath also betray'd me, and I
 " should haply be no less troubled than you are,
 " did I not find some comfort in this considera-
 " tion, that I am not miserable alone. Prethee,
 " let me understand these riddles, *said I to him*,
 " and know who thou art, and, consequently,
 " whether I have, in thee, a Friend or an Ene-
 " my.

" Know then, *Sophia*, said he to me, that I am
 " of the same Sex as your self, and, as well as
 " you, I have also been in love with *Don Carlos* ;
 " but if we have suffer'd by the same flame, it
 " hath not been with the same success. *Don*
 " *Carlos* hath ever lov'd you, and hath ever be-
 " liev'd, that you lov'd him ; whereas, on the con-
 " trary, he never lov'd me, nor could ever ima-
 " gine that I should love him, as having not known
 " me to be what I truly was. I am of *Valentia*,
 " as you are, and my quality and fortunes are
 " such, that if *Don Carlos* had married me, he
 " needed not to have fear'd the reproaches made
 " to those who under-ally themselves. But the
 " affection he had for you wholly took him up,
 " and it seems he had eyes onely for you. Not
 " but that mine did what they could, to save my
 " mouth the labour of making a shameful dis-
 " covery of my weakness. I went to all places
 " where I thought to meet him ; I plac'd myself
 " where he might see me, and I did all things for
 " him,

" him, which he should have done for me, had he
 " lov'd me, as I lov'd him. I had the disposal of
 " my self and estate, as having been left an Or-
 " phan while I was yet very yonng; and there
 " were often propos'd to me matches equal to my
 " condition, but the hope I still cherish'd, that I
 " might at length engage *Don Carlos* to love me,
 " hindred me from complying with any. Instead
 " of being discourag'd by the unhappy fate of my
 " love, as any other would, who, as I, had suffi-
 " cient perfections not to be slighted; I was the
 " rather excited to the Love of *Don Carlos*, by
 " the difficulty I found to insinuate my self into
 " his affections. In fine, to avoid the self-re-
 " proach, that I should neglect any thing which
 " might promote my design, I caus'd my hair to
 " be cut, and having disguis'd my self in Man's
 " cloaths, I got my self presented to *Don Carlos*
 " by an old menial Servant of my own, who went
 " under the name of my Father, a poor Gentle-
 " man of the Mountains of *Toledo*. My coun-
 " tenance and Meen your Lover lik'd so well,
 " that he was soon induc'd to take me into his
 " service. He knew me not again, though he
 " had seen me so many times, and he was as soon
 " satisfy'd with my ingenuity as taken with my
 " voice, and my skil in singing, and playing on all
 " those instruments, on which persons of Quality
 " may, without disparagement, divert themselves.
 " He soon found in me those endowments which
 " are not commonly seen in Pages, and I gave
 " him so many demonstrations of my fidelity and
 " discretion, that he treated me rather as a Con-
 " fident, than a Domestick servant. You know
 " best

"best of any, whether I am to be credited in what
 "I say. You have a hundred times commended
 "me to *Don Carlos*, even in my presence, and
 "done many good offices, but what vex'd me to
 "the heart, was, that I receiv'd them from a Ri-
 "val, and while they made me more acceptable
 "to *Don Carlos*, they render'd you the more hate-
 "ful to the unhappy *Claudia*, (for so I am called.)
 "In the mean time, the treaty of your marriage
 "went forward, my hopes backward; that was
 "concluded, these were lost. The *Italian* Count,
 "who, about that time, fell in love with you, and
 "whose Titles and Estate as much dazzled your
 "Father's eyes, as his warp'd countenance and his
 "imperfections gave you occasion to slight him,
 "procur'd me at least the pleasure, to see you a
 "little travers'd in your loves, and my soul began
 "to flatter it self with those fond hopes, which
 "the unfortunate are over-apt to derive from vi-
 "cissitude. In fine, your Father prefer'd the
 "Stranger, whom you fanci'd not, before *Don*
 "*Carlos* whom you did. So I saw her, who caus'd
 "my unhappiness, in her turn, unhappy her self;
 "and a Rival whom I hated, more unfortunate
 "than my self, since I lost nothing in a man, who
 "had never been mine, whereas you lost *Don Car-*
 "*los*, who was wholly yours, and yet that loss, how
 "great soever it might be, was haply to you a les-
 "ser misfortune, than to have, for your perpetual
 "Tyrant, a man, whom you could not love.

"But my prosperity, or, to say better, my hope,
 "prov'd not long-liv'd. I understood from *Don*
 "*Carlos*, that you were resolv'd to follow him,
 "and I was employ'd to set things in order to

“ the design he had to carry you to *Barcelona*, and
 “ thence to cross over into some part of *France* or
 “ *Italy*. All the force I had had till then to endure
 “ my cross fortune, left me upon this so sharp an
 “ assault, it being a resolution I was the more sur-
 “ priz’d with, the less I had apprehended any such
 “ misfortune. The trouble I conceiv’d thereat cast
 “ me into a sickness, and that confin’d me to my
 “ bed. One day, as I was bemoaning my sad de-
 “ stiny, and that my presumption of not being
 “ overheard by any made me break forth into as
 “ loud expostulations, as if I had spoken to some
 “ Confident, who knew the secret of my loves, I
 “ perceiv’d standing before me the Moor, *Amer*,
 “ who had heard me. Having recover’d the trouble
 “ his unexpected presence had put me into, he ad-
 “ dress’d himself to me in these words.

“ I know thee very well, *Clandia*, and that
 “ even before thou hadst disguis’d thy sex, to be-
 “ come a Page to *Don Carlos* ; and that I never
 “ discover’d this my knowledge of thee, proceeded
 “ hence, that I had a design as well as thou hadst.
 “ I have heard what desperate resolutions thou art
 “ ready to take ; thou wilt discover thy self to thy
 “ Master to be a young Maid deeply in love with
 “ him, and yet hopest not any from him, and then
 “ thou wilt kill thy self in his presence, so to de-
 “ serve the regrets of him, whose love thou couldst
 “ not gain. Wretched Lass ! what will be the
 “ effect of thy own self-murther, but to give *So-*
 “ *phia* a further assurance of her *Don Carlos* ? I
 “ have a better advice for thee, if thou art able to
 “ to take it. Deprive thy Rival of her Servant ; it
 “ may easily be done, if thou credit me, and though
 “ it

"it requires much resolution, yet no more than
 "thou hast already express'd, in putting on man's
 "habit, and hazarding thy honour, to satisfy thy
 "love. Hear me then attentively, *continu'd the*
 "*Moor*, I will acquaint thee with a secret, which
 "I never discover'd to any, and if thou likest not
 "what I shall propose to thee, it will be at thy
 "own choice, whether thou follow it or not. I
 "am of *Fez*, a person of quality in my Country;
 "my misfortune made me slave to *Don Carlos*,
 "and *Sophia's* beauty, hers. I have told thee
 "much in few words. Thou think'st thy misery
 "remediless, because thy Lover carries away his
 "Mistress, and is bound for *Barcelona*. 'Tis both
 "thy happiness and mine, if thou canst make thy
 "advantage of the opportunity. I have treated
 "about my ransom, and paid it. A Galeot of
 "*Africk* waits for me in the road, not far from
 "the place where *Don Carlos* hath one ready for
 "the execution of his design. He hath put it off
 "for one day; let us prevent him with as much
 "diligence as subtilty. Go and tell *Sophia* from
 "thy Master, that she should make ready to come
 "away this night, at the time thou shalt come for
 "her; conduct her to my Vessel; I will carry her
 "into *Africk*, and thou shalt continue alone at
 "*Valentia*, to enjoy thy Lover, who haply would
 "have lov'd thee as soon as *Sophia*, had he but
 "known that thou hadst lov'd him."

"At these last words of *Clandia*, I was so over-
 "come with grief, that with a deep sigh, I fell in-
 "to another swoond, without any signs of life.
 "The out-cries of *Clandia*, who haply then began
 "to repent her that she had made me so unfortu-

"nate, yet ~~was~~ nevertheless such, brought *Amet*
 "and his Brother into the room where I was.
 "They appli'd all the remedies they could, till at
 "last I recover'd, and might hear *Claudia* still
 "reproaching the Moor with his perfidiousness.
 "Infidel Dog! *said she to him, why hast thou ad-*
 "vis'd me to reduce this Beauty to the deplorable
 "condition thou see'st her in, if thou hadst no
 "mind to leave me with the person I lov'd? And
 "why hast thou caus'd me to commit against a
 "person so dear to me, a treachery which proves
 "as hurtful to me as to him? How dar'st thou say
 "thou art of noble birth in thy Country, when
 "thou art the most perfidious and basest of all
 "men? Hold thy peace, simple Maid, *replies*
 "*Amet*, reproach me not with a crime, wherein
 "thou art my Complice. I have already told thee,
 "that he, who could betray a Master as thou hast
 "done, very well deserv'd to be betray'd, and that
 "taking thee along with me, I onely secure my
 "own life, and haply *Sophia's*, since she might
 "have di'd of pure grief, upon the knowledge of
 "thy staying behind with *Don Carlos*.

"At these words, the noise made by the Mar-
 "riners, who were ready to enter into the Port of
 "*Salley*, and the shooting off of some Guns,
 "which were answered by the Artillery of the
 "Port, interrupted the reproaches reciprocally
 "made to one the other, by *Amet* and *Claudia*,
 "and for a while eas'd me of the sight of those two
 "odious persons. We got a-shore; *Claudia* and
 "I had veils put over our faces, and we were
 "lodg'd with the perfidious *Amet*, at a Moor's,
 "one of his kindred. The next day, we were
 "dis-

“dispos’d into a close Chariot, and conducted to
 “*Fez*, where, if *Amet* were receiv’d by his Fa-
 “ther with much joy, I came in, the most afflict-
 “ed and most desperate person in the world. For
 “*Claudia*, she soon provided for her self, re-
 “nouncing Christianity, and marrying *Zaides*,
 “brother to the treacherous *Amet*. The wicked
 “woman us’d all the artifices imaginable to
 “induce me to change my Religion, and to
 “marry *Amet*, as she had done *Zaides*, and so
 “she became the most cruel of my Tyrants, even
 “while, after they had in vain tri’d to draw me in
 “by kindness, fair promises, and treatments,
 “*Amet* and all his people exercis’d on me all the
 “barbarism they could. My constancy was suffi-
 “ciently exercis’d against so many enemies, and
 “I was more able to endure my troubles than I
 “could have wish’d my self, when I began to ima-
 “gine that *Claudia* repented her, that she had
 “been so wicked. Before others she seem’d to
 “persecute me with greater animosity than any,
 “but privately she did me some good offices,
 “which made me look on her as a person who
 “might have been virtuous, had her education been
 “accordingly.

“For one day, while all the rest of the women
 “were gone to the publick Baths, as you *Mahu-*
 “*metans* are wont to do, she came to me, and
 “finding me very sad, she spoke to me to this
 “purpose. Fairest *Sophia*! I have heretofore
 “thought I had some reason to hate you, but now
 “that hatred is at an end, since I have lost the
 “hope of ever enjoying him, who lov’d not me
 “enough, because he lov’d you too much. It

“grieves me to the soul, that I have occasion’d
 “your misfortune, and forsaken my God, for fear
 “of men. The least of these things were enough
 “to make me undertake things beyond my sex.
 “I can no longer live at this distance from *Spain*,
 “and all the Christian part of the world, with
 “these Infidels, among whom I know it is im-
 “possible I should ever work out my salvation
 “either here or hereafter. You may assure your
 “self of my repentance by the secret I shall ac-
 “quaint you with, which putting my life at your
 “disposal, you may revenge your self of all the
 “mischiefs I have been forc’d to do you. I have
 “corrupted fifty Christian Slaves, most *Spaniards*,
 “and all persons fit to undertake some great en-
 “terprise. With the money I have secretly given
 “them, they have secur’d a Bark ready to waite us
 “over into *Spain*, if it please God to favour so
 “so good a design. All you have to do is to joyn
 “fortunes with me, and so escape if I do, or, pe-
 “rishing with me, get out of the hands of your
 “cruel enemies, and put a period to so unfortu-
 “nate a life as yours is. Resolve therefore, *Sophia*,
 “and while we cannot be suspected guilty of any
 “design, let us, without loss of any time, consider
 “of the most important action of your life and
 “mine.

“I cast myself at *Claudia*’s feet, and mea-
 “suring her by my self, I never question’d her
 “sincerity. I was at a little loss to give her suf-
 “ficient thanks, and assure her of the great resent-
 “ments I had of the favour which I conceiv’d she
 “would do me. We appointed a day for our
 “escape, towards a place on the Sea-side, where
 “she

"she told me that our Bark lay, under certain
 "Rocks. The day, which I thought would prove
 "so happy, came; we very happily got out of the
 "house and City. I admir'd the goodness of Hea-
 "ven in the easiness we found in compassing our
 "design, and I incessantly bless'd God for it. But
 "the end of my misfortunes was not so near as I
 "thought it. *Claudia* did all this by order from
 "the perfidious *Amet*; nay, exceeding him in
 "perfidioufness, the end of her bringing me to
 "such a solitary place, and that in the night time,
 "was onely to leave me to the violence of the
 "Moor, who durst not have attempted ought
 "against my chastity in his Father's house, who,
 "though a *Mahometan*, was yet a morally honest
 "man. I innocently follow'd her, who led me
 "to destruction, and I thought I should never be
 "sufficiently thankful to her, for the liberty I was
 "in hope ere long to obtain by her means. I could
 "not be weary of giving her thanks, nor yet of
 "going a good pace, in rough ways encompass'd
 "with rocks, where she told me that her people
 "expected her, when hearing a certain noise be-
 "hind me, and turning my head, I perceiv'd *Amet*
 "with his Cymitar drawn. You infamous Slaves,
 "*said he*, is it thus you run away from your Ma-
 "ster? I had not the leisure to answer him. *Clau-*
 "*dia* held my hands fast behind, and *Amet* letting
 "fall his Cymitar, came up to the Renegado, and
 "both of them together did what they could to
 "bind my hands with cords, which they had pro-
 "vided for that purpose. Having a greater strength
 "and activity than women commonly have, I a
 "good while resisted the attempts of those two

“wicked persons : but at length I grew weak, and
 “my onely recourse was to my cries, which might
 “draw some passenger into that solitary place,
 “where I rather hoped not for any relief, when
 “Prince *Mulei* came in to my rescue. You have
 “heard how he sav’d my honour, nay I may say my
 “life, since I had assuredly died of grief, if the de-
 “testable *Amet* had had his desires on me.

Thus did *Sophia* conclude the relation of her ad-
 ventures, and the amiable *Zoraida* encourag’d
 her to expect from the generosity of the Prince,
 that some course would be taken for her return
 into *Spain* ; whereupon she acquainted her Hus-
 band with all she had heard from *Sophia*, whereof
 he afterwards gave Prince *Mulei* an account.
 Though all that had been related to him of the
 fortunes of the fair Christian, flatter’d not the
 passion he had for her, yet was he glad, being a
 person nobly inclin’d to vertue, to receive some
 knowledge thereof, and find that her affection was
 engag’d in her own Country, that so he might not
 attempt a censurable action out of a vain hope of
 finding it easily compass’d. He had an esteem for
 the vertue of *Sophia*, and was inclin’d, by his own,
 to endeavour a remission of her misfortune. He
 sent her word by *Zoraida*, that he would give or-
 der for her return into *Spain*, when she pleas’d,
 and, having once taken that resolution, he forbore
 to visit her, out of a distrust of his own vertue, and
 the beauty of that amiable person. She was not a
 little troubled to find out a secure way for her re-
 turn. ’Twas somewhat a tedious voiage into *Spain*,
 whose Merchants traded not to *Fez*, and though
 she might have met with a Christian vessel, yet
 being

being fair and young, as she was, she might find, among those of her own Religion, what she had been afraid to meet with among the Moors. Honesty is not often found aboard a Ship; sincerity is as little observ'd there as in War, and wherever beauty and innocence are at the weakest, the insolence of the wicked will not fail to take its advantage to thrust them to the wall. *Zaraida* advis'd *Sophia* to put on Man's cloaths, since her advantageous Stature, beyond that of other Women much further'd her disguise. She told her it was the advice of Prince *Mulei*, who knew not any person at *Fez*, to whom he might safely trust her, and she told her withall, that he had had the goodness to provide for the safety of her Sex, by assigning her a companion of the same, of her own faith, and disguis'd as her self, and that so she might avoid the disquiet it would be to her, to see her self alone, aboard a Vessel, among Souldiers and Mariners.

Prince *Mulei* had bought of a Pyrat a Prize which he had taken at Sea; 'twas a Vessel belonging to the Governour of *Oran*, which had aboard her the whole family of a Spanish Gentleman, whom the Governour, upon some disgust, sent over a Prisoner into *Spain*. *Mulei* had heard that the said Gentleman was one of the best Huntsmen in the world; and Hunting being an exercise the Prince was most of any inclin'd to, he would needs have him to be his Slave, and to make the more sure of him, would not have him separated from his Wife, his Son, and Daughter. In the space of two years that he liv'd at *Fez*, in the Prince's service, he taught him how he might take any thing
with

with a Gun, whether it were on the Earth, or in the Air, and shew'd him several other Games unknown to the Moors. By these ways, he had so insinuated himself into the Prince's favour, and was become so necessary in his divertisements, that he would not hear of any Ransome for him, but endeavour'd by all the obligations he could lay on him, to make him forget his own Country. But the regret he conceiv'd, that he should not once more see it, put him into a melancholy, which soon after ended in his Death, to which it was not long ere his Wife follow'd him. *Mulei* felt a certain remorse, that he had not set him at Liberty, together with his relations, since they had by their Services deserv'd it, and so resolv'd to repair, towards their Children, the injury he thought he had done the Parents. The Daughter was named *Dorotea*, much about the same Age with *Sophia*, handsome and witty. Her Brother was not above fifteen years of Age, and his name *Sancho*. *Mulei* pitch'd on them to accompany *Sophia*, and took that opportunity to send them together into Spain. The business was kept very secret. Men's cloaths, according to the *Spanish* mode were made for the two Gentlewomen, and little *Sancho*. *Mulei* shew'd his magnificence in the great quantity of Jewels he bestow'd on *Sophia*. He also bestow'd very noble Presents on *Dorotea*, which, added to those her Father had receiv'd from the Prince's liberality, made her a very considerable fortune.

About this time, *Charls* the Fifth was engag'd in a war in *Africk*, and had besieg'd the City of *Tunis*. He had sent an Ambassadour to *Mulei* to treat about the ransome of certain Spaniards, persons

sons of Quality, who had been cast away on the Coast of *Morocco*. To this Ambassadour did *Mulei* recommend *Sophia*, under the name of *Don Fernand*, a Gentleman of quality, who desir'd not to be known by his own name; and *Darrotea* and her Brother were to be his retinue, one as a Gentleman waiting on him, the other as Page. *Sophia* and *Zoraida* could not part without regret, and many tears were shed on both sides. *Zoraida* bestow'd on the fair Christian a Necklace of Pearl, so rich, that she would not have receiv'd it, if the obliging Moor, and her Husband *Zulema*, who had as great a kindness for *Sophia* as his Wife, had not assur'd her, that she could not disoblige them in any thing so much, as the refusal of that pledge of their friendship. *Zoraida* made *Sophia* promise, that she should hear from her, by the way of *Tangiers*, *Oran*, or some other places which the Emperour was possess'd of in *Africk*.

The Christian Ambassadour took Shipping at *Salley*, having along with him *Sophia*, whom we must henceforth call *Don Fernand*. He came to the Emperour's Army, while it was yet before *Tunis*. Our disguis'd Spanish Lady was presented to him as a Gentleman of *Andalusia*, who had some time been a Slave to the Prince of *Fez*. She had no great reason to be so fond of her Life, as to be afraid of engaging in the War, and being now to act the part of a Cavalier, she could not, in honour, avoid the performance of duty, as other gallant Persons did, whereof the Emperour's army was full. She thereupon list'd her self among the Volunteers, miss'd no design that was under-

undertaken, and signaliz'd her self upon all occasions, so as the Emperour came to hear much of the counterfeit *Don Fernand*. Nay, such was her good Fortune, that she happen'd to be near him, when, in the heat of an engagement, wherein the disadvantage was on the Christian side, he fell into an ambuscado of Moors, was forsaken by his party, and encompass'd by the Infidels, and in all probability he had been kill'd there, his Horse having already receiv'd that fate under him, if our Amazon had not mounted him on hers, and, seconding his Valour with unexpressible efforts, given the Christians time to see their error, and to come into the relief of that Valiant Emperour. So signal an action was not unrecompens'd; the Emperour bestow'd on the unknown *Don Fernand* a Commandery of Saint *James*, of a vast Revenue, and the Regiment of Horse of a certain Spanish Lord, who had been kill'd in the last engagement. He also bestow'd on him the equipage of a person of Quality, and from thenceforward, there was not a Person in the whole Army more highly esteem'd or more considerable than this Valiant *Virago*. All the actions of Man were so natural to her; her Countenance was so fair, and made her seem so young; her Valour was so admirable, considering her youth; and her Prudence and Conduct so remarkable, that there was not any Person of quality or command in the Army, but courted her Friendship. It is not therefore much to be admir'd, if, all pleading for her, but especially her noble and heroick Actions, she came in a short time to be her Master's greatest Favourite.

About

About this time, there came over some Recruits from *Spain*, in those Vessels which brought over Money and Ammunition for the Army. The Emperour would needs see them himself in their Arms, accompany'd by the chiefeft Commanders, among whom was our Amazon. Looking very earnestly on these Recruits, she imagin'd that she had seen *Don Carlos*, nor was she mistaken. She could not be at rest all that day ; she sent to find him out among the new Levies, but he could not be found, in regard he had chang'd his name. She slept not all night, got up with the Sun, to find out, her self, that dear Lover which had cost her so many tears. She found him, and was not known by him, she being grown somewhat Taller, and the sultry heat of *Africk* having a little chang'd the Complexion of her Countenance. She pretended to take him for another of her acquaintance, and ask'd him what news from *Sevil*, and how such a person did, naming the first came into her mind. *Don Carlos* told her she had mistaken him, that he had never been at *Sevil*, and that he was of *Valentia*. " You are extremely like a person I lov'd very well, says *Sophia*, I would say *Don Fernand*, and for that resemblance I will be your friend, if you find in your self no aversion to become mine. The same reason, replies *Don Carlos*, which obliges you to proffer me your friendship, had already ensur'd mine to you, if it be worth your acceptance. You are somewhat like a person I have a long time been in love with; you have her Countenance and Voice, but you are not of the same Sex, and certainly, added he, with a deep sigh, you are

" not

“not of her Humour. *Sophia* could not forbear blushing at those words of *Don Carlos*; which he took no notice of, haply by reason his eyes, which began to be moistened with tears, could not well perceive the alterations of *Sophia's* countenance. She was troubled, and not able at the present to dissemble it, she desir'd *Don Carlos* to come to her Tent, where she would expect him, and so left him, after he had describ'd his Quarter, and told him that he was known in the Army by the name of *Don Fernand*, one of the

At the hearing of that, *Don Carlos* was afraid he had not render'd him the respect due to his Quality. He had already heard what esteem he was in with the Emperour, and that he was as much in favour with him as any about the Court. He soon found out his Quarter and Tent, which any one could direct him to, and he was as well receiv'd by him, as a simple Cavalier could expect to be; by one of the chiefest Field-Officers. He again imagin'd he discover'd *Sophia's* countenance, in that of *Don Fernand*; was more astonish'd at it, than he had been before, and that much more at the sound of his Voice, which entred into his very Soul, and there renew'd the remembrance of that person, for whom, of all the world, he had had the greatest affection.

In the mean time, *Sophia*, undiscover'd by her Lover, entertains him at dinner, which done, she commands all the Servants to with-draw, and, having given order that none should visit her, was told a second time, by that Gentleman, that he was of *Valentia*, and afterwards very patiently heard him relate what she knew as well as himself

of their common adventures, to the day that he intended to have carried her away. "Could you
 "imagine, Sir, said *Don Carlos* to her, that a
 "Gentlewoman of such Quality, who had received so many assurances of my Love, and had
 "given me as many of hers, should be wanting
 "in point of fidelity and honour ; should have
 "the subtilty to smother such great failings, and
 "be so blinded in her choice, as to prefer, before
 "me, a young Page I had, who carried her away
 "from me, the day before I should have done it.
 "But are you fully convinc'd it is so, says *Sophia*
 "to him. All things are in the disposal of
 "Chance, which sometimes is in an humour to
 "confound our ratiocinations, by such effects, as
 "we least expect. 'Tis possible, your Mistress
 "may have been forc'd to that separation from
 "you, and, it may be, is rather unfortunate, than
 "chargeable with any miscarriage. O that it were
 "the pleasure of the Gods, replies *Don Carlos*, I
 "could make the least question of it, I should
 "comfortably endure all the losses and misfortunes it hath caus'd me; nay, I should not think
 "my self unfortunate, could I but imagine that
 "she were still faithful to me ; but she is onely
 "such to the perfidious *Claudio*, and never pretended love to the wretched *Don Carlos*, but to
 "ruine him. Me-thinks, it may be inferr'd from
 "what you say, replies *Sophia*, that you never had
 "any great affection for her, when your charge
 "against her is without your hearing what she
 "may have to alledge for her self, and you represented her, not onely as an unconstant, but also as a
 "wicked person. And could any one have been
 "more

" more wicked than she hath prov'd, cries Don
 " Carlos, when, to elude the suspicion of having
 " been carried away by the Page, she left in her
 " Chamber, the very night she vanish'd from her
 " Father's, a Letter, writ with the greatest malice
 " imaginable, which hath reduc'd me to more
 " sensible miseries, than that it should ever get out
 " of my memory. When you have heard it, you
 " will haply be able to judge what Sycophancy so
 " young a Thing could be guilty of.

THE LETTER.

Sir ;

You should not have forbidden me to love
 Don Carlos, after you had once laid
 your commands on me to do it. A merit so
 great as his must needs have rais'd in me an
 affection for him proportionable thereto, and
 when the mind of a young Person is pre-
 possess'd with such a passion, it is so fill'd, that
 there is no place for interest. Know then, that
 I go hence with him, whom you were pleas'd I
 should affect, even from my Infancy, and with-
 out whom it were as impossible for me to live;
 as it would be, not to dye a thousand times a
 day, with a Stranger, whom I cannot any way
 fancy, even though he were much richer than
 he is. Our offence, if it be any, deserves your
 pardon; which if you grant us, we will re-
 turn

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turn to receive it, with greater speed, then we
are now forc'd to, to avoid the unjust violence
you would do us.

SOPHIA.

"You may easily imagine, continu'd Don Carlos,
"the extreme grief which Sophia's Parents con-
"ceiv'd at the reading of this Letter. They were in
"hopes I might be still with their Daughter, either
"in *Valentia*, or not far from it. They discover'd
"not their loss to any but the Vice-roy, who was
"their kinsman, and it was hardly light the next
"morning, when some Officers coming into my
"room found me asleep. I was, as well I might,
"very much startled at such a visit, and when, af-
"ter they had ask'd me where *Sophia* was, I also
"made the same question to them, my adversaries
"were incens'd, and violently dragg'd me to pri-
"son. I was examin'd, and could make no plea
"for my self against *Sophia's* Letter. It was clear,
"that I had a design to have carried her away; but
"it appear'd withal, that my Page had vanish'd at
"the same time with her. *Sophia's* Parents sent
"people to find her out, and my friends, on the other
"side, made diligent search where the Page might
"dispose of her. This was the onely means to
"clear me; but we never could hear any thing of
"these fugitive Lovers, whereupon my enemies
"charg'd me with the death of them both. At
"last, injustice, back'd with power, carri'd it
"against oppress'd innocence. Notice was given
"me that I should soon receive my sentence, and
"that it would be that of death. I hoped not that
D "Heaven

"Heaven would do any miracles on my account,
 "and so I thought it my best way to endeavour
 "the recovery of my liberty by an act of despair.
 "I join'd my self to certain Bandits, who were
 "prisoners as well as my self, and all persons of
 "resolution. We forc'd the Prison-doors, and,
 "assisted by our friends, got into the Mountains
 "about *Valencia*, ere the Vice-roy had any notice
 "of our escape. We continu'd a long time Masters
 "of the Field. *Sophia's* inconstancy, the prose-
 "cution of her friends, the injustice I thought done
 "me by the Vice-roy, and, in fine, the loss of my
 "estate, put me into such despair, that I hazarded
 "my life in all the engagements wherein my Ca-
 "merades and my self met with any resistance,
 "and by that means I got into such reputation with
 "them, that they made me their Chief. I behav'd
 "my self in that charge so successfully, that our
 "Party became dreadful to the Kingdoms of
 "*Aragon* and *Valencia*, and we grew so insolent,
 "as to impose a Contribution on those Countries.
 "I here make a dangerous discovery to you, but
 "the honour you do me, and my own inclination
 "do so far enslave me to you, that I am willing
 "to put my life into your hands, by acquainting
 "you with the greatest secrets of it. At last, I
 "grew weary of that leud course of life; I got
 "away from my Camerades, when they least sus-
 "pected I should, and took my way to *Barcelona*,
 "where I was entertain'd onely as a private Gen-
 "tleman, in the Recruits ready to be transported
 "into *Africk*, which have since joyn'd with the
 "Army. I have no great reason to be in love with
 "my life, and having been guilty of such a mis-
 "expence

"expence thereof, I cannot employ it better than
 "against the enemies of my Religion, and to serve
 "you, since the goodness you are pleas'd to express
 "towards me, hath given me the onely joy, my
 "soul hath been capable of, ever since the most
 "ungrateful woman in the world hath made me
 "the most unhappy of all men.

Sophia, undiscover'd, took the part of *Sophia*
 unjustly accused, and omitted nothing that might
 induce her Lover to forbear judging his Mistress so
 rigorously, till he were more fully satisfi'd of her
 offence. She told the unfortunate Cavalier, that she
 concern'd her self very much in his misfortunes;
 that she wish'd it in her power to alleviate them,
 and to give greater expressions thereof than words;
 that she desir'd him to accept of a relation to her,
 and when occasion serv'd, she would employ all
 the credit she had with the Emperour, and the in-
 terest of all her friends, to rescue him from the
 prosecution of *Sophia's*, and the Vice-roy of
Valentia.

Don Carlos would not admit of any thing urg'd
 by the counterfeit *Don Fernand*, in the vindica-
 tion of *Sophia*, but accepted of the entertainment
 he proffer'd him. That very day, that constant
 Mistress spoke to the Commander, under whom
Don Carlos was, that, being a kinsman of hers, he
 might be under her command. Thus is our unfor-
 tunate Lover receiv'd into the service of his Mi-
 stress, whom he thought, either dead, or had for-
 saken him. He finds himself, as soon as entertain'd,
 very highly in his favour whom he thought his Ma-
 ster, and wonders how he comes, so suddenly, to
 be so much lov'd. He is immediately made his

Treasurer, Secretary, and Confident. The rest of the servants respect him little less than *Don Fernand* himself, and no doubt he might be happy, in the love of a Master that seems so amiable to him, and whom a secret instinct forces him to love, if lost *Sophia*, if unconstant *Sophia*, did not perpetually present her self to his imagination, and gave him a sadness, which the caresses of so dear a Master and his better'd fortune were not able to smother. Though *Sophia* had a tenderness for him, yet was she not displeas'd to see him troubled, not doubting but she was the cause of his affliction. She often discours'd with him concerning *Sophia*, and sometimes with so much earnestness, nay indignation and bitterness, vindicated her whom *Don Carlos* charg'd with no less a crime than a forfeiture of faith and honour, that at last he imagin'd, that *Don Fernand*, who would be still harping on the same string, had sometime been a Servant to *Sophia*, and haply was still.

The war in *Africk* came to the period mention'd in the History thereof. The Emperour carri'd it on afterwards in *Germany*, *Italy*, *Flanders*, and other places. Our Female Warriour, under the name of *Don Fernand*, added to the reputation she had before of a valiant and experienc'd Commander, by many gallant encounters, wherein she shew'd no less valour than conduct, though the latter of those qualities be seldom found in a person so young, as her sex made her appear. The Emperour was oblig'd to go into *Flanders*, and, to that end, to desire the King of *France* to give him passage through his Countries. The great Monarch who then reign'd, would needs, in generosity and

confidence, surpass a mortal enemy, who had ever surpass'd him in good fortune, whereof he had not at all times made good use. *Charles* the Fifth was receiv'd into *Paris*, as if he had been King of *France*. The fair *Don Fernand* was one of the small number of persons of quality, who accompany'd him; and if his Master had made a longer stay in that gallant Court, the beautiful *Spanish* Lady, taken for a man, had rais'd love in many of the *French* Ladies, and jealousy in some of the most accomplish'd Courtiers.

In the mean time, the Vice-roy of *Valentia* dies in *Spain*. *Don Fernand*, encourag'd by the affection his Master bore him, and the services he had done, presum'd to demand that important charge, and obtain'd it, without much envy. He soon acquainted *Don Carlos* with the good success, and put him in hopes, that, as soon as he had taken possession of the Government of *Valentia*, he would accommodate the difference between him and the Relations of *Sophia*; procure his pardon from the Emperour for having been chief Commander among the Bandits, and endeavour to put him into possession of his Estate.

Don Carlos might have deriv'd some comfort from all these noble promises, had not the misfortune of his Love made him absolutely disconsolate. The Emperour came into *Spain*, and went streight to *Madrid*, and *Don Fernand* went to take possession of his Government. The next day after his arrival at *Valentia*, *Sophia's* Relations presented a Petition against *Don Carlos*, who was Steward and Secretary to the Vice-Roy. The Vice-Roy promis'd them justice, and *Don Carlos*,

that he would protect his innocence. A new Indictment was put in against him; the Witnesses were examin'd a second time, and, in fine, *Sophia's* Relations, exasperated at the loss of her, and out of a desire of revenge, which they conceiv'd just, solicited the business so earnestly, that, in five or six days, it was ready for judgment. They desir'd that the person indicted might be sent to prison; the Vice-roy gave them his word, that he should not stir out of his house, and set down a day to pass judgment on him.

The eve of that fatal day, which held the whole City of *Valentia* in suspence, *Don Carlos* desir'd a private audience of the Vice-Roy, which was granted him. Casting himself at his feet, "May it please your Highness, *said he to him*, to morrow is the time, that you are to satisfy all the world of my innocency. Though the witnesses I have produc'd absolutely clear me of the crime laid to my charge, yet I now come to assure your Highness with as much sincerity, as if I were in the presence of God, that I had not onely no hand in the carrying away of *Sophia*, but withal, that, the day before she was carried away, I did not so much as see her, nor ever heard of her since. True it is, that I should have carried her away, but a misfortune, to me yet unknown, remov'd her hence, either to my ruine, or her own.

"No more, no more, *Don Carlos, says the Vice-Roy to him*, go thy ways, and take thy rest securely; I am thy Master and Friend, and better inform'd of thy innocence than thou dost imagine; nay, though I might doubt of it, yet should
"I

"I nor be oblig'd to be too exact to satisfy my
 "self, since thou art in my house, and of my house,
 "and that thou camest not hither with me, but
 "upon the promise I made to protect thee. *Don*
Carlos rendred his thanks to so obliging a Master
 with all the eloquence he was master of. He went
 to bed, and the impatience he was in to see him-
 self clear'd, would not suffer him to sleep. He got
 up at the break of day, and having dress'd himself
 somewhat above his ordinary garb, waited at the
 rising of his Master. But hold a little, I am mi-
 staken, he went not into his chamber till all his
 cloaths were on; for from the time that *Sophia*
 had disguis'd her sex, onely *Dorotea*, the confident
 of her disguise, lay in her chamber, and did all
 those services, which done by another might have
 discover'd what she would have kept conceal'd.
Don Carlos therefore entred into the Vice-Roy's
 chamber, as soon as *Dorotea* had open'd it for all
 visitants; and the Vice-Roy no sooner saw him,
 but he reproach'd him with his early rising, being
 a person accus'd, who would have himself thought
 innocent, and told him, that a person who could
 not sleep betray'd something that lay heavy on his
 conscience. *Don Carlos* a little troubled, made
 him answer, that it was not so much the fear of
 being found guilty, as the hope of defying the fur-
 ther prosecutions of his enemies, by the justice
 he expected from his Highness, that had hindred
 him from sleeping. "But you are very neatly
 "dress'd, and gallant, *says the Vice-Roy to him*,
 "and I find you very calm, considering your life
 "is in so great a hazard. I am now at a loss what
 "to think of the crime wherewith you stand
 "charg'd.

"charg'd. As often as we fall into discourse con-
 "cerning *Sophia*, you speak of her with less ex-
 "cess and more indifference than I do; and
 "yet I am not charg'd, as you are, to have ever
 "been lov'd by her, and to have murder'd her,
 "and possibly young *Claudio* too, on whom you
 "would cast the charge of her conveyance away.
 "You affirm'd that you have lov'd her, continu'd
 "the *Vice-Roy*, and yet you live after you had lost
 "her, and you have omitted nothing that could
 "be done in order to your discharge and quiet,
 "you, who should rather be weary of your life,
 "and hate whatever might tend to the preserva-
 "tion of it. Ah! unconstant *Don Carlos*, it must
 "needs be that some other Love hath induc'd you
 "to forget the inclinations you had for lost *Sa-
 "phia*, if so be you ever truly lov'd her, when
 "she was wholly yours, and durst do any thing for
 "your sake.

Don Carlos, half dead at these words of the
Vice-Roy's, would have made some reply there-
 to, but he would by no means permit him,
 "Come, come, hold your peace, said he to him,
 "with a severe countenance, and reserve your
 "eloquence for your Judges; for my part, I shall
 "not be surpriz'd therewith, nor, on the account
 "of one of my menial servants, raise in the Em-
 "perour an ill opinion of my integrity. And there-
 "fore in the mean time, added the *Vice-Roy*,
 "turning to the Captain of the Guard, let him be
 "secur'd; he, who broke prison, may much rather
 "his promise, when he finds there are no other
 "hopes of impunity, than what may be had by an
 "escape.

Imme-

Immediately *Don Carlos's* Sword was taken from him, which rais'd a great compassion in all those who saw him encompass'd by the Guards, cast down and discourag'd, and having much ado to keep in his tears. While the poor Gentleman was repenting himself, that he had not been sufficiently distrustful of the unconstant humour of *Grandeess*: the Judges, before whom he was to be tried, entred the room, and took their places, after the Vice-roy had taken his. The *Italian* Count, who had continu'd all this time at *Valentia*, and the Father and Mother of *Sophia* appear'd, and produc'd their witnesses against the Prisoner, who was now at such a loss, that he hardly had the courage to plead for himself. They shew'd him the Letters which he had sometimes written to *Sophia*; the Neighbours were brought in, and the Domesticks of *Sophia's* house, and at last there was produc'd against him the Letter she had left in her Chamber, the day he had design'd to carry her away. The Prisoner brought in his Domesticks, who depos'd, that they had seen their Master in Bed; but he might have got up after he had made them believe he was asleep. For his own part, he swore very liberally, that he had not carried away *Sophia*, and represented it to the Judges, that it was the most improbable thing in the world, that he should carry her away, soon after to be separated from her: but a further charge against him was, that he had murder'd her, and also the Page, the confident of his Loves. There remain'd only to pass the Sentence, and no doubt it would have been that of death, when the Vice-roy order'd him to approach, and spoke to him in these words.

“Unfor-

“ Unfortunate *Don Carlos* ! Thou maist well
 “ conclude, after all the demonstrations of affe-
 “ ction thou hast received from me, that, if I
 “ could have but suspected thee guilty of the
 “ crime laid to thy charge, I should not have
 “ brought thee to *Valentia*. There’s no way for
 “ me but to condemn thee, unless I would begin
 “ the exercise of my charge by an Injustice, and
 “ thou maist judge how much I am troubled at thy
 “ misfortune, by the tears I shed for thee. ’Twere
 “ possible thy adversaries might be satisfy’d, were
 “ they of a lower quality, or less resolv’d upon
 “ thy destruction. In a word, if *Sophia* appears
 “ not her self to vindicate thee, prepare thy self
 “ for dearth.

Don Carlos, at this, despairing of all safety, cast
 himself at the Vice-roy’s feet, and said to him,
 “ Your Highness may be pleas’d to remember,
 “ that, in *Africk*, even from the first time I had
 “ the honour to be entertain’d into your service,
 “ and whenever your Highness engag’d me in the
 “ tedious relation of my misfortunes, I ever re-
 “ lated them in the same manner, and you might
 “ presume, that, in those Countries, and all other
 “ places, I should not have affirm’d to a Master,
 “ who so highly honour’d me with his affection,
 “ what I should here deny before a Judge. I ever
 “ told your Highness the naked Truth, as sincerely
 “ as to my God, and I tell you still, that I lov’d,
 “ that I ador’d *Sophia* ; How ! say that thou
 “ ador’st her, ungrateful Man ? *says the Vice-roy*
 “ *to him, surprising all the Assembly by his Action.*
 “ Yes, I do adore her, replies *Don Carlos*, very
 “ much astonish’d at what the Vice-roy had
 “ spoken.

“*spoken.* I promis’d to marry her, *continu’d he,*
 “and we agreed together, that I should carry her
 “away to *Barcelona.* But if I did effectually
 “convey her hence, if I know where she is, let
 “me be put to the most cruel death can be ima-
 “gin’d. I cannot avoid it; but I shall dye in-
 “nocently, unless it may be said I have deserv’d
 “death, for loving, even beyond my own Life,
 “an unconstant and perfidious creature. But
 “what is become of this perfidious Creature and
 “thy Page, *cries the Vice-roy, with a furious*
 “*countenance?* Are they gone up into Heaven?
 “Are they sunk down under the Earth? The Page.
 “was a Gallant, *replies Don Carlos,* she was
 “handsome; he was a Man, she was a Woman.
 “Ah Traitor! *said the Vice-roy to him,* how hast
 “thou now discover’d thy base suspicions, and the
 “little esteem thou hadst for the unfortunate
 “*Sophia!* Cursed be the Woman that suffers her
 “self to be cajoll’d by the promises of Men, and
 “comes afterwards to be slighted for her cre-
 “duliry! Neither was *Sophia* a Woman of ordi-
 “nary virtue, wicked Man! nor thy Page *Claudio*
 “a Man. *Sophia* was constant to thee; and thy
 “Page was a distracted Woman in love with thee,
 “and robb’d thee of *Sophia,* whom she betray’d
 “as a Rival. I am *Sophia,* unworthy, ungrateful
 “Lover! I am *Sophia,* who have suffer’d unima-
 “ginable miseries, for a Man, that deserv’d not to
 “be lov’d, and one who thought me guilty of the
 “greatest infamy I could fall into.

Sophia could say no more, her Father, who
 knew her, took her into his arms. Her Mother fell
 into a swoon, on the one side; and *Don Carlos*
 on

on the other. *Sophia* dis-engag'd her self from her Father, to go to the relief of the two persons who had swounded, but soon recover'd themselves, while she was in suspence to whether of the two she should run. Her Mother wept over her, she did the like over her Mother. She embrac'd, with all the tenderness imaginable, her dear *Don Carlos*, who had almost fallen into another swoond. But with much ado he kept upon his feet, and not presuming yet to kiss *Sophia's* lips, as he could have wish'd, he reveng'd himself on her hands, which he kiss'd a thousand times one after another. *Sophia* was hardly able to return all the embraces she receiv'd, and all the complements that were made to her. The *Italian Count*, making his among the rest, would have entertain'd her with the pretensions he had to her, as having been promis'd him by her Father and Mother. *Don Carlos*, who heard him, quitted one of *Sophia's* hands, which he was then greedily kissing, and drawing his Sword, which had been deliver'd to him, set himself into such a posture, as put the whole assembly into a fright, and swearing after the rate of millions, made it appear, that no human force should deprive him of *Sophia*, if she her self forbad him not to think of her. But she declar'd, that she would never have any other Husband than her dear *Don Carlos*, and entreated her Father and Mother to consent thereto, or resolve to see her shut up in a Monastery for the remainder of her Life. Her Parents gave her liberty to make her own choice, and the *Italian Count* took Post that very day, for *Italy*, or some other place where he had a mind to go.

Sophia

Sophia dismiss'd not the Assembly, till she had given them a relation of her adventures, which were admir'd by all. A person was dispatch'd away express to carry the news of this miracle to the Emperor, who continu'd to *Don Carlos*, after he had married *Sophia*, the Vice-royalty and Government of *Valentia*, and all the kindneses which that *Virago* had deserv'd under the name of *Don Fernand*, and bestow'd on that happy Lover a Principality, which his Posterity enjoys to this day. The solemnities of the Nuptials were extraordinary, discharg'd by the City of *Valentia*; and *Dorothea*, who put on Man's cloaths at the same time as *Sophia*, was also, at the same time, married, to a Cavalier, a near Kinsman to *Don Carlos*.

The



SCARRON'S
NOVELS.

The Rival-Brothers.

The Second Novel.



Orothea and Feliciana were the two most beautiful and most amiable Ladies of any about the famous City of *Sevil*; but though they had not been such, their quality and great fortunes were so considerable as might well engage all those, who were desirous to be advantageously match'd, to make their addresses to them.

them. It is not then to be doubted, but that, of Sutors, there was a pretty Catalogue, yet had not *Don Manuel*, their Father, declar'd himself in favour of any man's pretensions, and *Dorothea*, who, being the elder, should, by the course of the Cards, be married first, had, as well as her sister, been so reserv'd in her demeanour and actions, that the most presumptuous of her humble Servants were in some doubt, whether their services were kindly or unkindly received. These two Beauties never went publickly to Mass, but they were attended by a number of the greatest Gallants about the City, wherein the Miracle was, that so many different pretensions should agree so well, and that in a superstitious Country young Gentlemen should be guilty of any devotion, besides what they have for their Mistresses. Before they could get off their gloves to take a little Holy-water, other hands, some fair, some otherwise, bestow'd on them more than they needed. Their fair eyes were no sooner off their Prayer-books, but they were the centre of I know not how many immodest looks: and every step, as they went out of the Church, they had salutations to return.

But if they were thus importun'd with courtship in Churches, and publick places, where people conceive themselves oblig'd to observe some reserv'dness, they wanted it not at home. For their Father's house being in the midst of a spacious plain, there pass'd not a day without some of those diversions, whereby Lovers would insinuate themselves into the favour of their Mistresses. And these our young Ladies took the more kindly, in that they made that restraint, which the tyrannical

nical custom of the Country imposes on their sex, the more supportable to them. In the daytime, Cavalcades, Tilting, and such exercises were their entertainment, every night several sorts of Musick. One day above the rest, there came in an unknown Person who did such things as astonish'd all the beholders, and had been particularly observ'd by the two fair Sisters, to be one so nearly made, as if nature had intended him for a pattern. Several Gentlemen of *Sevil*, who had known him in *Flanders*, where he had the command of a Regiment of Horse, invited him to make one at their sport of Tilting, which he did, habited as a Soldier.

Not long after, there happened to be at *Sevil*, the ceremony of the Consecration of a Bishop. The Stranger we spoke of before, who went under the name of *Don Sancho de Sylva*, came into that Church where it was to be performed, with several others the greatest Gallants about the City, and the two fair Sisters *Dorothea* and *Feliciانا de Monsalvo* were also there among divers Ladies, all disguis'd, according to the mode of *Sevil*; with mantles of a thick stuff, and hats with plumes of feathers in them. It was *Don Sancho's* fortune to stand between the two Sisters, and another Lady, with whom he would have enter'd into some discourse, but she civilly intreated him, to forbear speaking to her, and to resign the place he was in, to a person she expected, to meet her there. *Don Sancho* compli'd with her desires, and thereupon turning about, he makes towards *Dorothea de Monsalvo*, who stood nearer him than her Sister, and had observ'd what complements had pass'd between

between him and the other Lady. "I was in hopes, Madam, *said he, addressing himself to her,* that, being a stranger in this place, the Lady to whom I would have spoken, would have vouchsaf'd me her conversation; but she hath punish'd the confidence I had to think that mine was not to be slighted. I acknowledge my oversight, and I shall be more distrustful of my self another time. And therefore, be you pleased, Madam, to express less rigour towards a Stranger, whom you have seen treated with so much disrespect, and, for the honour of the *Sevillian* Ladies, to give him occasion to make some acknowledgment of their kindness. You rather give me occasion to treat you with as much contempt as the other Lady did, *replies Dorothea,* since your applications to me are the effects of her refusal of them: but that you may not have too great cause to complain of the Ladies of this Country, I am content to discourse onely with you, as long as this Ceremony shall last, and thence, besides the kindness you may conceive done to your self, you may infer, that I have not appointed any one to meet me here. Being so excellent a person as I imagine you to be, *says Don Sancho,* I cannot forbear wondring at it, but must withal conclude, that you are much to be fear'd, or that the Gallants of this City are very timorous, or rather that he, whose place I have taken up, may be absent. And do you think, Sir, *says Dorothea to him,* that I am so ignorant in the matter of loving, that, in the absence of a Gallant, I could not forbear going to an Assembly, where I should not fail meeting with

E "some

"some other? Take heed another time how you
 "pass so rash a censure, of a person you know
 "not. You would find, Madam, *replies Don San-*
 "*cho*, that what you call my Censure is more to
 "your advantage than you think, if you permit me
 "to serve you answerably to the inclinations I have
 "for you. Our first motions are violent, and there-
 "fore not always to be follow'd, *says Dorothea to*
 "*him*; besides there is a great difficulty in what
 "you propose to me. Not any so great, *replies*
 "*Don Sancho*, but I shall be able to overcome,
 "when the reward of it is to become your Ser-
 "vant. 'Tis not a design to be compassed in few
 "days, *says Dorothea*; I find you a person will be
 "easily transported, in that you seem to have for-
 "gotten, that you onely take *Sevil* in your way
 "to some other place, and perhaps are yet to learn,
 "that I should not take it kindly any man lov'd
 "me, *en passant*, that is, by the way. Be you but
 "pleased, Madam, *said he*, to grant me what I
 "desire, and I promise you not to go any further
 "than *Sevil* while I live. There is a great deal of
 "spirit and gallantry in what you say, *replies Do-*
 "*rothea*, and thence I wonder much, that a per-
 "son who is able to say such things, hath not al-
 "ready made choice of a Lady, on whom he might
 "bestow his gallantries. Proceed thence that he
 "thinks them not worth his trouble? No, but ra-
 "ther out of a distrust of his own strength, *says*
 "*Don Sancho*. Answer me precisely to what I
 "ask you, *says Dorothea*, and confidently tell me,
 "which of our Ladies is Mistress of those charms
 "that might force your stay at *Sevil*. I have al-
 "ready told you, that it is in your power to do it
 "if

"if you please, *replies Don Sancho*. You never
 "saw me, *says Dorothea*; it must needs be some
 "one that you have seen, therefore name some
 "other. Since you press so much upon me, *says*
 "*Don Sancho to her*, I must acknowledge, Ma-
 "dam, that if the Lady *Dorothea Monsalvo* were
 "as ingenious as you are, I should account that
 "man happy, whose merit she might value, and
 "whose services she might allow of. There are in
 "Sevil many Ladies as handsome as she is, nay
 "many exceed her, *says Dorothea*, both in beauty
 "and wit; but since you are pleas'd to pitch upon
 "her, pray tell me seriously, did you never hear it
 "reported, that she favour'd any one of her Gal-
 "lants particularly above all the rest? Finding my
 "self at a great distance from deserving her, *says*
 "*Don Sancho*, I never made it my business to en-
 "quire. And why do you think you might not de-
 "serve her as well as another, *says Dorothea*? I
 "took you to be a person of greater courage than
 "to betray so great a distrust of your self. Had you
 "studi'd Ladies as much as I imagin'd you might
 "have done, you would have found them mighty
 "humourfome and fantastick, and that many times
 "the first onset of a new comer makes a greater
 "progress in their affections, than several years
 "of services rendered by those Gallants, who are
 "never out of their sight. From the character you
 "give those Ladies, Madam, *says Don Sancho*, I
 "may infer you would be loath to be included in
 "the number, and so you take an ingenious way
 "to rid your hands of me, by encouraging me to
 "love some other Lady, and I clearly see, you
 "would have but little regard for the services of a

“ fresh Gallant, to the prejudice of one to whom
 “ you had been long before engag’d, though ’twere
 “ out of no other reason than that you would not
 “ be thought humorous or fantastick. Take heed
 “ how you entertain any such thing in your ima-
 “ gination, *replies Dorothea*, but rather persuade
 “ your self, that I am not so easily induc’d to re-
 “ ceive a witty complement for an assurance of a
 “ growing inclination towards me, from a person
 “ who never saw me. If there wants onely that to
 “ make way for the amorous inclination I have for
 “ you, *replies Don Sancho*, conceal not your self
 “ any longer, from a person, who, though a stranger
 “ to you, is already infinitely taken with your wit.
 “ It’s possible you might not be so much with my
 “ countenance, *says the Lady*. Ah Madam, *says*
 “ *Don Sancho*, it’s impossible you should be other-
 “ wise than very beautiful, when you so ingeni-
 “ ously acknowledge that you are not; and now I
 “ am fully satisfi’d you would be rid of me, either,
 “ because you think me troublesome, or that your
 “ heart is already taken up. ’Twere therefore
 “ unjust, the goodness oblig’d you to bear with me
 “ thus far, should be any longer press’d upon, onely
 “ be pleas’d to assure your self, that what I have
 “ said was not merely to pass away the time with
 “ you, but to make a sincere proffer of that of my
 “ whole life to serve you. To satisfie you, Sir, *re-*
 “ *plies Dorothea*, that I would not have that
 “ thought lost which I have spent in discoursing
 “ with you, I shall be glad, ere we part, to know
 “ who you are. I can do no less than obey you,
 “ *replies he*; know then, Madam, whom I think
 “ so amiable, though I have not seen, that I am
 “ known

" known by the name of *Sylva* ; that my Father
 " is Governour of *Quitto* in *Peru* ; that by order
 " from him I am come to *Sevil* ; and that I have
 " spent most part of my Life in *Flanders*, where
 " I have, by my Services, attain'd to the highest
 " Commands in the Army, and gotten a Com-
 " mandery of Saint *James*. This is a short ac-
 " count of what I now am, what I would be while
 " I live, it lies on you, Madam, to give me leave,
 " in some less publick place than this is, to assure
 " you. That shall be as soon as I may conveni-
 " ently do it, replies *Dorothea* ; in the mean
 " time, trouble not your self to get any further
 " knowledge of me, unless you will run the ha-
 " zard of never knowing me for your friend :
 " onely take this for your present satisfaction, that
 " I am a person of quality, and that my face is
 " such as will not frighten any body.

Don Sancho was satisfy'd, and having, with a
 low Congee, taken his leave of her, he thrust him-
 self in among a great number of fine Gallants,
 who were very seriously discoursing together.
 There are a sort of severe Ladies, who may be
 more particularly known by the character I shall
 here give of them, to wit, such as extremely con-
 cern themselves in the conduct and demeanour of
 others, and are very secure as to their own ; who
 imagine themselves the onely fit Judges of what
 is well or ill done, though there may be good wa-
 gers laid of their virtue, as a thing whereof there
 is no great certainty, and think that upon the dis-
 covery of a little brutish rudeness, they may pre-
 tend to supererogation in point of Honour, though
 the miscarriages of their greener years gave more
 scandal,

scandal, than their wrinkles will ever good example ; these Ladies, I say, who are very short-sighted in the ordinary occurrences of humane Life, will take occasion to quarrel at the Author, and affirm, that *Madam Dorothea* was guilty of a great want of reserv'dness, and indiscretion, not onely in being so over-free to favour a person whom she onely knew by sight, but also in permitting him to speak to her of Love, and that if a young Gentlewoman, over whom they had any power, had done as much, she should make no long abroad in this world. But let these yet-to-be-raught Ladies learn from me, that every Country hath its particular customs, and that if in *France*, *England*, and some other parts, married Women and Maids, who are trusted to go any where upon the security of their own good behaviour, are offended, or at least should be so, at any the least expression of Love ; in *Spain*, where they are kept in as Nuns, they take it not amiss that any one should tell them they love them, though the person that should tell them so, had not anything for which he might expect a return of his Love. Nay, they do much more, they are the Ladies commonly that make the first overtures, and are first taken, inasmuch as they are the last seen, by their Gallants, whom they have the advantage to see daily, in Churches, and other publick places, and sometimes from their Balconies and Chamber-windows.

Dorothea acquainted her Sister *Felician*a with the discourse had pass'd between her and *Don Sancho*, and made no difficulty to tell her, that she was more taken with that Stranger, than with all the

the Gallants of *Sevil*, and her Sister approv'd the design she had upon her Liberty. Thereupon the two fair Sisters had a great deal of serious discourse together, concerning the advantageous priviledges which the Men have above the Women, who were seldome married without the consent of their Friends, which many times happen'd contrary to their liking, whereas the Men were at liberty to make choice, where they best fancied. "For my
"part, says *Dorothea* to her Sister, I am confident, Love shall never be able to make me do
"any thing contrary to my duty; but I am on the
"other side fully resolv'd never to be married to
"a Man, who shall not alone be possess'd of what-
"ever I could wish in several others, and I had
"rather spend my Life in a Monastery, than in the
"company of a Husband I could not affect. *Fel-
liciana* told her Sister, that she had taken the same
resolution, and they confirm'd one the other
therein, with all the fine arguments, which their
ingenuity could furnish them with, upon that oc-
casion. *Dorothea* found it some difficulty to make
good the promise she had made *Don Sancho*, of
discovering her self to him, and acquainted her
Sister how much she was troubled thereat: but
Felliciana, who was very fortunate in finding out
expedients, put her Sister in mind, that a certain
Lady, a Kinswoman of theirs, and one of their
most intimate friends (for all of ones Kinred
are not such) would do her all the service lay in
her power, in a business wherein her quiet was so
much concern'd. "You know, says this best-
"natur'd Sister in the world, that *Marina*, who
"hath liv'd with us so many years, is now married

“to a Surgeon, who hath taken of our Kinswoman
“a little House adjoyning to her own, and that
“there is a common Entry between both. The
“place where they stand is a remote street not
“much frequented, and though it should be ob-
“serv’d, that we visited our Kinswoman oftener
“than we had been wont, there would be no no-
“tice taken of *Don Sancho’s* going into a Sur-
“geons, besides that the business may be so con-
“triv’d, that he may come thither onely in the
“night, and disguis’d.

While *Dorothea*, with the assistance of her Sister, was contriving how to compass this amorous interview; while she was disposing her Kinswoman to serve her, and preparing Instructions for *Marina*, *Don Sancho’s* thoughts were wholly taken up with the unknown Lady. One while he is in suspense whether the promise she had made him, that he should hear from her, were not an abuse; another, he imagin’d, that there was somewhat in her last words which discover’d a certain kindness towards him. He saw her every day, though he knew her not, in the Churches or some other publick places, receiving the adorations of her Gallants, who were all his intimate acquaintances, and the greatest friends he had in *Sevil*. He was one morning putting on his cloaths, his thoughts full of his unknown Mistress, when a message was brought, that there was a woman desir’d to speak with him. Being conducted to his chamber, he receiv’d from her, this

LETTER.

That you heard not sooner from me, attribute not to any remission of that kindness I express'd to you at our first meeting, but purely to want of convenience. If you still persist in a desire to be better known to me, receive directions from the Bearer, where you are to meet her in the evening, and she will conduct you to the place, where I shall be ready to receive you.

It may be easily imagin'd how gladly he entertain'd this message, His transportation was such, that he could not forbear embracing that happy Ambassadress, and he presented her with a Gold chain, which, after some ceremony, she receiv'd from him. She appointed him to meet her at a certain place in the dusk of the Evening, leaving him the most satisfy'd, but withall the most impatient man in the world. At last night came; he went to the place where the morning Ambassadress expected him, trick'd up and perfum'd as if he had spent the whole day about it. He was conducted by her to a little obscure House, which look'd somewhat suspiciously, and thence into a noble large Room, where he found three Ladies, all veil'd. He discover'd his unknown Mistress by her Stature, and immediately broke forth into complaints, that she would not vouchsafe to unveil her self. She staid not for any further intreaties,

ries, whereupon she and her Sister uncovering their faces, *Don Sancho* knew them to be the fair Sisters, *Dorothea* and *Feliciana de Monsalvo*. "You are now convinc'd, *says the Elder to him, taking off her Veil*, that I told you but truth, "when I assur'd you, that a Stranger might sometimes obtain that in a minute, which those Gallants whom a Lady sees every day should not deserve in many years: but I would have you withall consider with your self, that you will be the most ungrateful of all Men, if you do not highly esteem the favour I shew you, or pass any censure of it to my disadvantage, though I told you such things might be the effect of a fantastick humour. I shall ever value what I receive from you, as if it were sent me from Heaven, *says the passionate Don Sancho*, and you shall find, by the care I shall take to preserve the kindness you do me, that if I ever lose it, it will not be my negligence, but my misfortune.

This sharp onset was as eagerly pursu'd on both sides, to the mutual satisfaction of the two Lovers; which the Mistress of the house and *Feliciana* perceiving, took occasion to stand at a considerable distance from them, and so they had all the convenience they could have wish'd, to counter-charge one the other with amorous complements, and heighten the flames they had already rais'd in each other; nay, though the Love there was between them, might be accounted, considering the little time of their acquaintance, very great, yet would they appoint another day, to make some additionals thereto, if any might be admitted.

red. *Dorothea* promis'd *Don Sancho* that she would endeavour to see him as often as she could: he return'd her his most humble thanks, with all the Rhetorick he was master of.

Upon this cessation of discourse, the two other Ladies came up to them, and they fell into it afresh, and continu'd the kind engagement, so long, that *Marina* thought it time to mind them of their departure. *Dorothea* was troubled at that alarm, and *Don Sancho* grew pale and silent; but there was a necessity of parting. The transported Cavalier took occasion the next day, to write a Letter to his Mistress, and sent it by the common Ambassadress *Marina*, and she return'd him such an Answer thereto, as he could have wish'd. I shall forbear inserting their amorous Epistles here, because there never came any of them to my hands, and I am loath to foist in any of my own dressing, out of a fear they might not prove as good as theirs. They had many interviews afterwards at the same place, and they spent the time, as they had done at the first, and so by a continu'd progress, their Loves came up to that fervency, that, abating their not shedding their blood as *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* are recorded to have done, they were not behind them, as to a violent tenderness one for another. 'Tis commonly said, that Love, Fire, and Money cannot be long conceal'd. *Dorothea*, who was in a manner transported with continual thoughts of her lovely Stranger, could not speak of him with any moderation, nay, she commended him so highly beyond all the Gentlemen of *Sevil*, that some Ladies, who would have carried on their designs secretly as she did, hearing her

her incessantly speaking of *Don Sancho*, and preferring him so as to cast a certain contempt on those they fancied, took notice of it, and were offended. *Feliciána* had often privately advis'd her, to speak of him with more caution and reserv'dness; nay, many times, in company, when she saw her transported with the pleasure she took in discoursing of her Gallant, had trod on her foot so hard as to make her cry out, and find somewhat else to talk of.

These discoveries were at last so observ'd, that a certain Cavalier, a Suitor of *Dorothea's*, had notice given him thereof, by a Lady he was intimately acquainted with. He was the more easily induc'd to believe, that *Dorothea* had a more than ordinary kindness for *Don Sancho*, when he consider'd, that ever since the coming of that Stranger to the City, those who accounted themselves the Slaves of that fair Lady, of which number he thought himself the most heavily chain'd, had not receiv'd the least favourable look from her. This Rival of *Don Sancho's* was a person of great wealth, descended of a noble House, and much in favour with *Don Manuel*, who yet was the more backward to press his Daughter to marry him, in regard that when ever he spoke to her of it, her answer was, that she wanted two or three years of being ripe for that state.

This same young Gentleman (now his name comes into my head, *Don Diego*) before he engag'd himself in an action which might be charg'd with imprudence, thought it requisite to be fully assur'd of a thing, which yet he did onely suspect. He had a very spruce fellow that waited on him in his

his Chamber, one of those insolent attendants who think it is for their Master's credit that they wear as good Linnen as themselves, or at least wear theirs; and all, that they may be the more gracious in the eyes of the waiting women. This Servant's name was *Guzman*; he pretended much to ingenuity, out of a conceit that it had been deriv'd to him from that Country-man of his, whose adventures are so famous; but having, among other endowments, a smattering in Poetry, he employ'd his Talent in composing such Romances as in other Countries are known by the name of Ballads. He sung them playing on his Gittar, but so wretchedly, that his wry mouths and the stretching out of his tongue, spoil'd the discord, at least to those that look'd on him. He had also the graceful knack of dancing a Saraband, and never went without his Castagnets. He had once some intentions to turn Comedian, but somewhat in his humour was not lik'd, for he was very much addicted to Vapouring and Hectorship, and to give you a true character of him, there was some suspicion of his nocturnal achievements, as being one who would bid people stand with as much confidence as a Constable, but with this greater civility, that he would dismiss their persons, and secure onely what he found about them.

All these excellent Talents, heighten'd by a little eloquence, which reach'd onely so far as he had read, and what he heard from his Master, made all the Waiting-women, even those who pretended to somewhat of Beauty, look on him as the blank (if I may make that comparison) of their amorous desires. *Don Diego* gave him instructions to

go and court *Isabella*, a young Maid who waited on the two beautiful Sisters. He went, and insinuated himself so far into *Isabella's* favour, that she thought her self the happiest creature in the world, to be lov'd by *Guzman*, nay, the kindness they had one for another grew to such a degree, that he became very earnest in the continuance of what he had begun onely to obey his Master. *Isabella* had so well feather'd her Nest in her service, that she might well be accounted a good fortune, for the proudest attendant of any in *Spain*. Her Mistresses treated her very kindly, and were very liberal to her, besides somewhat she had to expect from her Father, who was an honest Tradesman. In fine, *Guzman* thought it his best course to make sure of her, by proposing a match; she was as willing as he was, and took him at his word; they made one another mutual promises of marriage, and ever after liv'd together as if the ceremonies had pass'd between them.

Things standing thus, *Isabella* began to conceive an extream indignation against *Marina*, the Surgeon's wife, at whose house *Don Sancho* and *Dorothea* had their private meetings, and it troubled her much, that though she had liv'd with her Mistress before her, she should still be her Confident in a business of that nature, wherein the liberality of a favour'd Lover is very considerable. She had heard of the Gold chain which *Don Sancho* had bestow'd on *Marina*, as also of several other presents he had made her, and imagin'd she might have receiv'd many more, which she knew nothing of. This rais'd a deadly hatred in her against *Marina*, which makes me think, that the
pretty

pretty Gentlewoman was not a little troubled. It is not therefore to be wondred, if, upon the first Interrogatories which *Guzman* made to her, and particularly this, whether it were true that *Dorothea* was in love with any one, she should discover the secrets of her Mistress, to a person, whom she look'd on as part of her self. She acquainted him with all she knew of the designs of our young Lovers, *Don Sancho's* liberality to *Marina*, whom he enrich'd by his continual presents, till at last she broke forth into down-right railing at her, as one that made those advantages, which should rather have been receiv'd by a Servant that liv'd in the house. *Guzman* intreated her to give him notice of the next meeting they were to have there. She did so, and he fail'd not to give his Master an account of it, as also of all had been told him by the perfidious *Isabella*.

Upon this intelligence *Don Diego* put himself into the habit of a Beggar, and laid himself down in the street not far from *Marina's* door, into which he saw his Rival enter, and not long after came a Coach, out of which alighted *Dorothea* and her Sister, and went into the same House, leaving *Don Diego* in a great rage, to see what he could not then remedy. He went home, and resolv'd to rid himself of so formidable a Rival. Having hir'd some of those, whose profession it is to murder any they are set upon, (a sort of people may be as easily procur'd in *Spain*, as Porters in other places) he expected *Don Sancho* several nights together, and at last meeting with him, he set upon him, seconded by two of those mercenary Hectors, as well arm'd as himself. *Don*
Sancho,

Sancho, on the other side, was reasonably well provided for them, as having about him, besides Sword and Poniard, a case of Pistols charg'd. He defended himself at first as a Lion, and found that his enemies had this advantage of him, that they desir'd any thing he could do with his Sword. *Don Diego* press'd upon him more than the others, who, being hir'd men, behav'd themselves accordingly. He retreated still all he could, to remove the noise of the engagement farther from the house where his *Dorothea* was: but at last fearing to endanger himself too far, and finding *Don Diego* still violently pursuing him, he discharg'd one of his Pistols, upon which he fell down half dead, and call'd as loud as he could for a Confessor, and the two Hectors immediately vanish'd. *Don Sancho* got to his own lodging, and the neighbours came out into the street and found *Don Diego*, whom they knew, ready to depart this life, and charging *Don Sancho* with his death. He had soon notice of it by his friends, who told him, that though he might clear himself upon the judicial proceedings which might be brought against him, yet *Don Diego's* friends would be sure to revenge his death, and find out some way or other to kill him. He retir'd into a Monastery, whence he gave his Mistress an account how his affairs stood, and set all things in order to his departure from *Sevil*, as soon as he might do it safely. A strict search was made for *Don Sancho*, but he could not be found. The heat of it being over, and all persuaded that he had made an escape, *Dorothea* and her Sister, under pretence of some Devotion, were conducted by their Kinswoman, at whose house they had met, to the

the Monastery, where *Don Sancho* was, and there, by the means of one of the Religious men, the two Lovers had an interview in a private Chapel. After some discourse, they made mutual promises one to the other of a constant fidelity, and parted with so much regret, and such melting expressions, that her Sister, her Kinswoman, and the Religious man, who were witnesses thereof, not onely wept then, but could never since think of it without tears.

Having deliver'd certain Letters to his Father's factor, to be sent to him to the *Indies*, he left *Sevil*, in a disguise. In those Letters he acquainted him with the accident, which had occasion'd his departure from *Sevil*, and that he intended for *Naples*. He got well thither, and was nobly entertain'd by the Vice-Roy, who, among the many favours he did him, honour'd him with a near relation to his person. But the main satisfaction was wanting, that of hearing from his dear *Dorothea*, so that within a year he grew weary of the kindness of his entertainment, and wish'd for some opportunity to leave *Naples*. He expected not long; for the Vice-Roy being to send out a small Squadron of six Gallies against the *Turk*, *Don Sancho's* courage would not let slip so fair an occasion to exercise it self. He was receiv'd, to the great satisfaction of the Commander, who was glad to have a person of his worth and quality aboard him. This Squadron of *Naples* met with eight *Turkish* Gallies, almost in sight of *Messina*, and engag'd them. After a long fight, the Christian Gallies took three of the enemies, and sunk two. The Admiral of the Christian Gallies was engag'd against that of the

the *Turks*, which being better arm'd and mann'd than any of the rest, had accordingly made the greater resistance. In the mean time, the wind began to rise, and the sea to grow rough, so that both *Christians* and *Turks* thought it concern'd them more to secure themselves against the Tempest, than any further to prosecute the Engagement. They jointly loos'd the Grapling-irons, whereby the two Gallies were fastned together, and the *Turkish* Admiral parted from the *Christian*, just as *Don Sancho* had cast himself into it, not follow'd by any body. Finding himself all alone amongst his enemies, he thought death to be preferr'd before slavery, and, what ever might be the consequence of it, cast himself into the Sea, hoping to recover the *Christian* Gallies by swimming. But the weather prov'd such, that he could not be perceiv'd, though the *Christian* General, who had been witness of *Don Sancho's* action, and was extremely enrag'd at his loss, which he thought unavoidable, caus'd the Gallie to tack about towards the place where he had cast himself over-board. In the mean time *Don Sancho* made his way through the waves, and having swum a good way towards the shore, assisted by the wind and tide, he fortunately lighted on a plank of one of the *Turkish* Gallies, and with the help of it got to land on the coast of *Sicily*. Having return'd God his humble thanks for so great a deliverance, he made towards a little hamlet inhabited by some poor Fisher-men, who gave him the best entertainment they could. The extraordinary actions he had done in the engagement, what he had suffer'd in the Sea, and the cold he endur'd, and his walk-

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ing afterwards in his wet cloaths, brought him into a violent fever, which forc'd him to keep his bed for many days; yet at last, without any trouble of Physicians he recover'd his former health. During his sickness, he made a resolution to continue the world in the persuasion of his death; as well that he might be in less fear of his enemies, the Relations of *Don Diego*, as make a further trial of the fidelity of his *Dorothea*.

During the time of his abroad in *Flanders*, he had contracted an intimate friendship with a *Sicilian* Marquess, of the house of *Montalto*, whose name was *Fabiano*. He sent one of the Fishermen to *Messina*, where he liv'd, to enquire whether he were then in the Country; and answer being brought him, that he was there, he went thither, habited as a Fisher-man, and, in the night, goes to the Marquess's house, who, with all others to whom he was known, bewail'd his death. The Marquess was over-joy'd to meet with a friend, whom he had given over for lost. *Don Sancho* gave him an account how miraculously he had escaped, as also of his adventures at *Sevil*, and particularly the violent passion he had for the Lady *Dorothea de Monsalvo*. The *Sicilian* Marquess proffer'd to go along with him into *Spain*, and to bring away *Dorothea*, if she would consent, into *Sicily*. *Don Sancho* was extremely well pleased with the proposal, yet would not receive from his friend so dangerous demonstrations of his friendship, telling him, that he would be infinitely glad of his company into *Spain*, but for what might be the consequence of it, he would remit all to fortune.

Don Sancho had a servant, of whose fidelity he

had had many years experience. This fellow, whose name was *Sanchez*, took his Master's loss so heavily, that when the *Christian Gallies*, which had been in the former Engagement against the *Turks*, put in at *Messina*, to refresh themselves, he came ashore and got into a Monastery, with a resolution to spend the remainder of his days there. The Marquess *Fabiano* having heard of the relation he sometimes had to *Don Sancho*, sent to the Superiour of the Monastery, (who indeed had entertain'd him upon the recommendation of that *Sicilian Lord*) desiring he might be dismiss'd, which was easily granted, in regard he had not yet put on the habit of the Religion. *Sanchez* not knowing what might be the occasion of his dismissal, made some difficulty to come out; but when he was brought into the presence of his dear Master, his soul was too narrow for his joy, for having cast himself at his feet, there was a necessity of some assistance to help him up again.

Some days after, he was sent by *Don Sancho* into *Spain*, to make preparations for his coming thither, and particularly to give him an account of *Dorothea*, who, in the mean time, was persuaded, with all others, that *Don Sancho* was dead. Nay the report of his death soon flew into the *Indies*. *Don Sancho's* father di'd out of grief, not long after he had receiv'd that sad news, and left another Son he had four hundred thousand Crowns, conditionally, that his Brother should have the one moiety of that summe, in case the news of his death should prove false. This Brother of *Don Sancho's* was called *Don Juan de Peralto*. He took shipping for *Spain*, with this vast sum of money.

mony, besides abundance of rare *Indian* commodities, suitable to the magnificence of a person, who had been Governour of a considerable place in those parts, and arrived safely at *Sevil*, about a year after the accident, which had happened to *Don Sancho*. Going under a name much different from his Brother's, it was easie for him to conceal the relation he had to him, besides the particular concernment he had to keep it secret, by reason of the long stay his occasions might oblige him to make in a City, where his Brother had so many enemies. He chanc'd to have a sight of *Dorothea*, and fell in love with her, as his Brother had done, but with this difference, that she made him no return of his love. That afflicted Beauty could fancy nothing after the loss of her dear *Don Sancho*: whatever was done by *Don Juan de Peralto*, instead of pleasing, was the greatest trouble in the world to her, nay she daily refus'd the best Matches about *Sevil*, which were earnestly propos'd to her by her Father *Don Manuel*.

Much about that time *Sanchez* comes to *Sevil*, and, according to the instructions he had receiv'd from his Master, secretly made the best enquiry he could, how the Lady *Dorothea* had behav'd her self, since their departure thence. He was soon inform'd by common report, that a young Gentleman, of very great wealth, lately come from the *Indies*, was fallen in love with her, and made the most magnificent discoveries of his affection that a passionate Sutor could imagine. He writ to his Master, representing things much worse than they were, and his Master imagin'd them yet worse than his Man had represented them. He

communicated the whole business to the Marquess, expressing so great a distraction at the account he receiv'd of his Mistress, that he was in some suspense whether he should see her any more. His friend comforted him the best he could, telling him, that it was not impossible but his man might be mis-inform'd, and that the affairs of his love might be in a much better posture than he expected. The reasons urg'd by the Marquess, together with his own reflections on the mutual promises of fidelity that had pass'd between them, especially the endearing expressions at their parting, dispell'd those clouds of suspicion, and represented his *Dorothea* as faithful and constant to him as she had engag'd to be. They thereupon resolv'd for *Spain*, and embark'd themselves at *Messina* in some *Spanish Gallies*, and in a short time happily arrived at *St. Lucar's*, whence they took post for *Sevil*. They came into the City after night, and alighted at the house which *Sanchez* had taken for them. They stirr'd not out all the next day, but as soon as it was night, *Don Sancho* and the Marquess went their rounds, about the place where *Don Manuel* liv'd. They heard some people setting their Instruments in tune, under *Dorothea's* windows, and soon after very excellent Musick, and that having ceas'd, a single Voice join'd to a Theorboe, made heavy complaints of the cruelty of a Tygres disguis'd into an Angel. *Don Sancho* felt some temptations within himself to spoil all the harmony of the Serenade, and to send away the Musicians with fleas in their ears: but the Marquess prevail'd with him to forbear, representing to him that he could have done no more,
if.

if his Mistress had appear'd in the Balcony, to assure his Rival, that she was not displeas'd with his Courtship; or the words of the Air, which had been sung, were acknowledgments of kindnesse receiv'd, rather than complaints of a dissatisfi'd Lover. The Author of the Serenade, and his Company, went away, in all probability, not over-satisfi'd with what they had done, as having not so much as the stirring of a dog, to assure them that any body regarded their Musick: and *Don Sancho* and the Marquess, finding the coast clear, return'd to their quarters, where they had a long debate what construction they should make of the pretensions of this new Sutor. *Don Sancho* was inclin'd to a persuasion, that his *Dorothea* might have some secret kindness for him, though, for some reasons which hindred her from making any shew of it at that time, she seem'd to take no notice of his Courtship, especially when he consider'd, that she might, with all others, be assur'd of his death. On the contrary, the Marquess entreated him to suspend his belief of her being engag'd to any other, till he had made some fuller discoveries thereof.

Don Sancho submitted to the remonstrances of his friend, and that the rather, when it came into his mind, that the greatest expressions of courtship made by one, whose person is not affected, are so much the more importunate. And indeed soweré those of the *Indian Cavalier*, to the fair *Dorothea*, who was so far from giving him any encouragement by her acceptance, that he could not but perceive they were more and more troublesome to her. Her Father *Don Manuel* was extremely desirous

stirous to see her disposed in marriage, and she doubted not, but that if the *Indian Cavalier*, *Don Juhan de Peralta*, being a person so well descended, and so wealthy, should proffer himself for a Son-in-law, he would be preferr'd before all others, and she more earnestly press'd by her Father to accept of him than she had been..

The next day after the Serenade, whereof the Marquess *Fabiano* and *Don Sancho* had had their part, *Dorothea* took occasion to confer notes with her Sister, concerning *Don Juhan*, and his courtship, and told her, that she could not brook the gallantries of that conceited *Indian*, and thought it the strangest thing in the world, he should make such publick demonstrations of his love to her, before he had made any overtures thereof to her Father. "'Tis such a kind of procedure, says *Feliciana* to her, as I should never approve of, and if your case were mine, I should give him such an entertainment, upon the first opportunity that presented it self, as might immediately dash all the hopes, he had conceiv'd of ever pleasing you. For my own part, continu'd she, I could never fancy his person; he has not that delicacy, and insinuation of carriage, which is acquirable only at Court, and the vast expences he is at here in *Sevil*, argue not so much the nobleness of his disposition, as the extravagant and salvage humour of that yet unciviliz'd part of the world whence he came. It is observ'd, that those parts of the world which supply us with gold and silver, are most barren as to the other productions of nature; so those people that inhabit them, think they need no other recommendation, than what they

“they derive from the entrails of certain almost
“inaccessible Mountains, created onely for the
“punishment of Slaves and Malefactors. All your
“Servant’s actions smell so strongly of the *Indian*,
“that he must be allow’d some years, to refine the
“barbarism of the Climate he hath liv’d in so long,
“before he can be reduc’d to the civility of this,
“wherein we have had our education. If ever you
“grant him the favour to speak to you, advise him
“to study the courting of a Lady after another
“manner then he hath been taught among the *To-*
“*pinambous*, and then you may promise to hear
“what he shall have to say for himself.

This was partly the character she gave *Don*
Juhan de Peralto, which she deliver’d with such
bitterness and derision, that *Dorothea* could do
no less than wonder at it. It seems the scornful
young Lady had clearly forgotten, that upon his
first appearance at *Sevil*, she had confess’d to her
Sister, that she lik’d him well enough, and when
ever she had occasion to speak of him, she was as
liberal of her commendations, as she was now of
her reproaches. *Dorothea* observing her Sister so
much chang’d, or at least seeming to be, as to the
sentiments she sometimes had for the *Indian*
Cavalier, immediately imagin’d, that her inclina-
tion towards him might be the greater, the more
earnest she seem’d to have it thought, that she had
not any. To be more fully assur’d of it, she told
Feliciانا, that she was not displeas’d with the
gallantries of *Don Juhan*, out of any aversion she
had for his person, nay, on the contrary, observing
in his countenance somewhat of the air of *Don*
Sancho’s, she might prefer him before any other
Cavalier

Cavalier about *Sevil*; besides she doubted not, but that, having all the advantages of birth and fortune, he would easily get her Father's consent. "But to what end, *contin'd she*, should I fancy to "my self these imaginary pleasures? I have lost " *Don Sancho*, and since it was not my fortune to "be his wife, I am resolv'd never to be any other "man's, and therefore, to avoid all future addressles, my onely course will be to spend the "rest of my days in some Monastery. Ah Sister, " *says Feliciana*, though you were not fully resolv'd upon so strange a design, yet could you "not give me a stranger affliction than by telling "me of it. That I am so resolv'd, Sister, you may "be assur'd, *replies Dorothea*; but for your part, "you have the less reason to be troubled at it, in "regard it will be to your advantage, for, by that "means, you will be the most considerable fortune "about *Sevil*. Upon this account it was, that I "had a desire to see *Don Juan*, that I might persuade him, to address that courtship to you, which "he vainly bestows on me, after I have convinc'd "him of the impossibility there is, that we should "ever be married together. What may be the "consequences of his applications to you, Time "onely can discover; Love is full of vicissitudes, "and there is not so great a distance between affection and aversion, but that one of them may "tread on the heels of the other. Nay, to deal "sisterly, that is, freely, with you, I am not a little "troubled, to find you express so much of the latter, towards a person, who is so far from deserving it, that he might justly expect somewhat "of kindness from you, both as a Stranger, and
"one

“one that hath not run the the hazard of displeasing you, by any presumptuous demonstration of his love. Think what you please of my judgment in this case, but this it is, that I do not see any person about *Sevil*, with whom you might be more advantageously match'd than with him. I must confess, I look on him, rather with a certain indifference than aversion, *says Feliciana*, and when I told you, that I could not fancy him, it was more out of complaisance to you, than any real prejudice I had against him. Nay if it be so, Sister, *replies Dorothea*, you are rather to acknowledge, that you deal not ingenuously with me, and that when you express'd the little esteem you had for *Don Juan*, it was clearly out of your mind, that you had sometime very highly commended him to me; or I am to conclude, that what you have said since, betrai'd not so much your own dislike of him, as your fear of his being too well lik'd by me.

Feliciana blush'd at these last words of her Sister, and was vex'd to the heart. Her thoughts were in such a distraction, that she spoke abundance of things, which rather betrai'd her guilt, then contributed ought to her vindication; so that at last she was forc'd to confess, that she had a more than ordinary kindness for *Don Juan*. *Dorothea* encourag'd her to continue it, and promis'd to assist her all she could in the prosecution of her love. Having thus brought her to acknowledge what she before but suspected, she took compassion of her, and forbore all further reproaches.

That very day, *Isabella*, who had discarded her beloved *Guzman*, ever since the unhappy accident
that

that had happen'd to *Don Sancho*, receiv'd orders from her Mistress *Dorothea*, to go to *Don Juan de Peralto*, deliver him the key of one of the garden doors of *Don Manuel*, and to tell him, that she and her Sister would expect him there, with a charge, that he should not fail to be at the place appointed, at mid-night, before which time, it was likely their Father would be abed. *Isabella*, who had been already corrupted by *Don Juan*, and done all lay in her power, to bring him into her Mistress's favour, but to no purpose, was extremely surpriz'd to see her humour so chang'd, and not a little glad, to be the messenger of such good news to a person, of whom, though she had not brought him any before, she had yet receiv'd many great presents. No doubt then but she made all the haste she could to the lodgings of the amorous Cavalier, who had receiv'd so little encouragement before, that he could hardly have believ'd his own good fortune, had it not been for the convincing assurance of the key, which she deliver'd him. That key open'd a place it was never intended it should, I mean the breast of the amorous Gallant, who presented his faithful Sollicitress with a perfum'd purse lin'd with a hundred good yellow pieces, which glorious sight rais'd in her as much satisfaction as she had brought him.

Were there a constant current of good fortune, that is, no vicissitude in humane affairs, and that what ever were fortunately begun might, without any rub or disaster, be brought to its period of happiness, there should be much less work for those who write Romances and Novels, and so the world would be depriv'd of a great deal of that
pleasure

pleasure which is deriv'd from endeavours of that kind. But their delight wholly consisting in a certain conflict, and interfering of unexpected accidents, 'tis likely there will be a constant supply of such things, as long as mortals shall walk on this Mole-hill, as on a Chefs-board, perpetually contriving how to cross the designs of one another.

Whoever shall seriously consider this grave advertisement, will not think it strange, that, the very same night, *Don Juan* was to come into *Don Manuel's* Garden, to meet with the two Sisters, *Don Sancho*, accompany'd by his friend, the Marquess, should be walking their rounds about *Dorothea's* Lodgings, to be more fully satisfy'd of the designs of his Rival. It was no otherwise, and it will ever be a maxim, That one man's misfortune makes another man's sport. About eleven that night, the Marquess and he being gotten into that street, where *Dorothea* liv'd, four men well arm'd came up and posted themselves close by them. The jealous *Don Sancho* presently imagin'd it was his Rival, whereupon coming nearer them, he told them that the Post they had taken up, was very convenient for him, in order to the compassing of a design he was then engag'd in, and so desir'd them to quit it. "We should do it, Sir, reply'd
"one of them, without much intreaty, if the same
"Post, you are so desirous of, were not absolutely
"necessary for the carrying on of a design that
"we also have, and will be so soon dispatch'd,
"that it will not much retard the execution of
"yours.

Don Sancho was as much enrag'd at this, as if
it

it had been the most uncivil answer that could have been given upon such an occasion : to draw therefore, and to charge persons, whom he thought so disobliging, was the same thing with him. That unexpected assault of *Don Sancho's*, surpris'd and put them into disorder, and the Marquess behaving himself no less gallantly than his Friend had done, they defended themselves so poorly, that they were in a trice beaten out of the street. *Don Sancho* receiv'd a slight wound in his arm, and run him who had given it him so heartily through the body, that it was a good while ere he could get out his Sword again, and doubred not but he had dispatch'd him. The Marquess in the mean time was in pursuit of the others, who ran away as fast as they could, as soon as they saw their Camerade laid on the ground.

Having rid themselves of those spies, *Don Sancho* look'd about him, and perceiv'd at one end of the street some people with a Light, coming up towards them, upon the noise of their engagement. He was afraid it might be the Magistrate with his Officers, and it was no other. He made all the haste he could into the street, where they began to fight, and thence into another, in the midst whereof he met full but with an old Gentleman, who had a Lantern with him, and had drawn his Sword upon the noise which *Don Sancho* made by running towards him. The old Gentleman was *Don Manuel*, who had been at a Neighbour's house at play, as he was wont to do every day, and was then going to his own, by the Garden-door, which was not far from the place where he met *Don Sancho*. He call'd out to the amorous Cavalier,

lier, Who goes there ? " A man, *replies Don Sancho*, whom it concerns to make all the haste he can away, and therefore desires you would not hinder him. It may be, *says Don Manuel*, there is some accident happen'd, which obliges you to seek out for sanctuary ; fear nothing, my House, which is here hard by, may serve your turn. 'Tis very true, *replies Don Sancho*, I am somewhat at a loss how to avoid the pursuit of the Magistrate, who it may be is now making a search for me ; but since you are so generous as to proffer me, though a Stranger to you, a reception upon so dangerous a score as this, I accept of your kindness, and entrust you with my safety, with this promise, never to forget the favour you do me, and to press it no farther, than till such time as those who look after me are pass'd by.

They were by this time come to the Garden-door ; *Don Manuel* open'd it with a Key he had about him, and having brought in *Don Sancho*, he dispos'd him into a close Arbour, while he went into the House to take order for his more secret retirement, so as that none might know of his being there. *Don Sancho* had not been long in the Arbour, when he perceives coming towards him a Woman, who approaching spoke softly to him, " O Sir, are you come, my Mistress *Dorothea* stays for you. From that word *Don Sancho* imagin'd that he might be in the house of his Mistress, and that the old Gentleman, who had brought him in thither, was her Father. He presently suspected that *Dorothea* had appointed his Rival to meet her there, and follow'd *Isabella*,
more

more tormented with jealousy, than troubled about the pursuit of the Magistrate.

In the mean time *Don Juan* came, according to his appointment, precisely at the hour assign'd him, opened the Garden-door with the Key he had receiv'd from *Isabella*, and went into the same Arbour, out of which *Don Sancho* was but newly gone. He had not been there long, ere he perceives a Man coming streight towards him ; he put himself into a posture of defence, for fear he might be assaulted, and was not a little surpris'd, when he found that Man to be *Don Manuel*, who bid him follow him, assuring him he should be so dispos'd of, as that he need not fear being discover'd. *Don Juan* concluded from *Don Manuel's* words, that he might possibly have receiv'd into his Garden some Gentleman pursu'd by the Officers of Justice. He could do no less than follow him, giving him thanks all along as they went for the favour he shew'd him : but it may be withall conjectur'd, that he was not so much troubled, at the hazard he was running into, as the obstruction whereby his amorous design was disappointed. *Don Manuel* brought him into his own Chamber, and, having left him there, went out, and ordered a Bed to be made for himself, in another room.

We will leave him lock'd up where he is, extremely troubled; yet not daring to make the least discovery of it, and see, what is become of his Brother *Don Sancho de Sylva*. *Isabella* brought him into a Ground-room, which look'd into the Garden, where the two Sisters *Dorothea* and *Felliciana* expected *Don Juan de Peralto* ; one, as a
Lover;

Lover, whom she was very desirous to please; the other, to assure him that she could not have any kindness for him, and to persuade him he would do better to make his applications to her Sister. *Don Sancho* enters the room where the two fair Sisters were; they were frightened at his appearance. *Dorothea* stood like a statue, as if she had not been able to stir from the place; but her Sister fearing she could not continue long in that posture, dispos'd her into a Chair, lest she might have fallen down all along. *Don Sancho* after he had fix'd his Eyes on them, stuck to the place he was in: *Isabella* was ready to sink into the ground for fear, and imagin'd it might be the Ghost of *Don Sancho*, that appear'd to them, to revenge the injury his Mistress did him. *Felicitiana*, though much startled to see him risen from the dead, was yet more troubled at what had happened to her Sister, who being come to her self, *Don Sancho* took her by the hand, and made this discourse to her.

“Ungrateful *Dorothea*! if the Report which
 “hath been spread of my death did not in some
 “measure excuse your inconstancy, the affliction
 “I conceive thereat would not allow me Life
 “enough to make you the deserv'd reproaches of
 “it. I was willing the world should be persuad-
 “ed that I was dead, that I might be forgotten
 “by my enemies, not by you, who had engag'd
 “your self not to love any other besides me. But
 “how have you broken that promise! I see there
 “needs onely but a common Report of some un-
 “fortunate accident, to make a Woman forget all
 “engagements of fidelity, even to that person,
 G “whom;

“whom, of all the world, she onely pretended to
“fancy. I might easily be reveng’d, and make
“so great noise by my complaints and expostula-
“tions, as should awake your Father, and give
“him directions how to find out the favour’d
“Gallant, whom you have dispos’d into some
“secret place about his House : but besotted
“Man that I am ! I feel in myself still a certain
“fear to displease you, and am more troubled at
“the necessity you give me, not to love you any
“longer, than at the discovery I have made of
“your being in love with another. Make much
“of your dear Lover, O as false as fair Woman !
“make much of him I say, and fear no more di-
“sturbances in your enjoyments, for you shall ere
“long be rid of a Man, who might, while you
“liv’d, have reproach’d your proving treacherous
“to him, even while he hazarded his Life to wait
“on you.

With these words *Don Sancho* would have quitted the room : but *Dorothea* stays him, and was going to vindicate her self, when *Isabella* comes running in to tell her, that her Master, *Don Manuel*, was coming after her. *Don Sancho* had onely time enough to get behind the door, and, while the Old man was chiding his Daughters that they had not been a-bed, and had his back towards the Chamber-door, made a shift to get out, and going back the same way into the Garden, went into the same Arbour where he had been before, and where preparing himself for what ever might happen, he expected a favourable opportunity to make his escape thence.

There are, no doubt, those, who think Love the plea-

pleasur'ed thing in the world. But far is it from their imagination, that a Lover's constant courtships and adorations may at last be requited with contempt, scorns, frowns, and elusions, which require an extraordinary measure of patience and good nature to endure them. Little do they apprehend, that a young Spark, after many years continu'd addresses, even when he thinks himself as it were within a barrs length of felicity, may, by some unexpected obstructions and disappointments, be tumbled into eternal disgrace, and all this occasion'd, not so much by any backwardness of his Mistress, as his own unhappy misapprehensions.

These were the reflections of the unfortunate *Don Sancho*, while *Don Manuel* was gone into his Daughter's chamber to fetch a Light, to bring in the Officers who were imperiously knocking at the Garden-door, upon the information they had receiv'd, that *Don Manuel* had entertain'd into his House one of those who had been fighting in the street. *Don Manuel* made no difficulty to let them in, to search his House, out of an assurance they would be so civil as not to look into his own Chamber, and that the Gentleman whom they expected to find, was safely lock'd in there. *Don Sancho* perceiving out of the Arbour, that it was impossible for him to escape the search of so many Officers as were scatter'd up and down the Garden, comes out to *Don Manuel*, and whispers him in the ear, that a person of Honour would be more tender of his promise than to abandon one whom he had taken into his protection. *Don Manuel*, who was much surpris'd to find him there, entrea-

red the chief Officer, to leave *Don Sancho*, in his custody, till the next morning ; which request was soon granted him, as well out of a respect to his quality, as for that the party, whom *Don Sancho* imagin'd he had kill'd, was not very dangerously wounded.

The Officers, having receiv'd somewhat towards a morning's draught, took their leave, and departed ; and *Don Manuel*, having discover'd by the same discourse which had pass'd between him and *Don Sancho*, when he first met him, that he must needs be the person whom he had receiv'd into his Garden, doubted not, but that the other was some Gallant, brought into the House, either by *Isabella*, or his Daughters. To be more fully satisfy'd of it, he conducted *Don Sancho de Sylva* into a room by himself, and desir'd him to stay there till he return'd again. He went to that place where he had left *Don Juhan de Peralto*, to whom he told a feign'd story, that his man was come into the House along with the Officers, and waited below to speak with him. *Don Juhan* knew that his man lay very sick at that time, and not in a condition to come to him, though he had known where he was, which he did not. He was therefore somewhat troubled at what *Don Manuel* had said to him, and so he had no other answer to make him, than that his man should go and stay for him at his Lodging.

By this discourse and some others *Don Manuel* found him to be that young Gentleman lately come from the *Indies*, who was so much talk'd of about *Sevil*, and, being sufficiently inform'd as to his quality and estate, resolv'd, he should not go
out

out of the House ere he had married that Daughter of his, to whom he had ever so little address'd himself. He spent some further time in discourse with him, to be more fully satisfy'd as to some doubts, which then burthen'd his mind. *Isabella* stood all the while at the door, and over-heard them, and gave an account of all to her Mistress.

Don Manuel had a glimpse of her, and imagin'd she was come with some message to *Don Juan*, from one of his Daughters. He left him, to run after her, just as the Wax-light, which was in the room, being at an end, went out of it self. While the Old man is groping to find out *Isabella*, she acquaints *Dorothea* and *Feliciana*, that *Don Sancho* was in their Father's chamber, and that she had seen them talking together. The two Sisters ran thither upon her word, *Dorothea* being not afraid to find her dear *Don Sancho* with her Father, resolv'd, as she was, to acknowledge, that she lov'd him, and that she had been lov'd by him, and withall to tell him, upon what motives she had appointed *Don Juan* to come thither that night. She therefore goes into the room, which was without any light, and having met with *Don Juan*, just as he was coming out, she took him for *Don Sancho*, and having him fast by the arm, she thus expostulated with him. "Why dost thou avoid
"me, tygre-hearted *Don Sancho*! and why
"wouldst thou not hear what answer I should
"make to the undeserv'd reproaches thou hast
"made me! I must confess, thou could'st not
"bethink thy self of any too great for me, if I
"were as guilty as thou hast some grounds to
"imagine: but thou art not to learn, that there

“are some false things, which have many times
“more likelihood of truth than truth it self, and
“that this latter is ever discover’d by time. Al-
“low me but so much, as may shew thee that
“which will recover thee out of the confusion,
“in which thy own misfortune, and mine, and
“haply that of divers others, hath involv’d us
“both. Assist me to vindicate my self, and run
“not the hazard of being unjust, by an over-
“hastiness to condemn me, before thou hast found
“me really guilty. ’Tis possible thou maist have
“heard, that a certain Gentleman loves me ; but
“hast thou heard that I made any return to his
“love ? Thou maist have met him here ; for it
“is true, that his coming hither was by my ap-
“pointment ; but when thou shalt understand
“what design I had in it, I am confident thou
“wilt have a cruel remorse, that thou shouldst
“injure me, while I give the greatest assurance of
“fidelity I could. O that this importunate and
“troublesome Servant of mine were here before
“thee ! thou shouldst find by the treatment I gave
“him, whether he ever had any ground to affirm,
“that I lov’d him, nay, whether he could ever so
“much as tell me that he lov’d me, or that I ever
“vouchsaf’d even the reading of any Letter that
“came from him. But that misfortune of mine,
“which always procur’d me the sight of him,
“when it should prejudice me, will not permit
“me to see him, when he might help to undeceive
“thee.

Don Juan had the patience to suffer *Dorothea*
to speak, without offering to interrupt her, that
he might learn somewhat more than she had yet
discover’d

discover'd to him. But perceiving she had given over, and expected some return from him, he was going to give her a sharp answer, when *Don Sancho*, who was looking for the way into the Garden, and heard *Dorothea* speaking to *Don Juhan*, comes up close to her, making the least noise he could, yet not so as but that he was perceiv'd by *Don Juhan* and the two Sisters. They had not the time to speak one to another, ere *Don Manuel* comes into the room with a Light, which some of his Servants carried before him. The two Rival-Brothers look'd one on the other, and were observ'd to be in a posture ready to fall one upon the other, as having their hands on the hilts of their Swords. *Don Manuel* steps in between them, and commanded his Daughter to make choice of one of them for her Husband, that he might fight with the other. *Don Juhan* told him, that for his part he was ready to quit all manner of pretensions, if he might have any, and submitted himself to the Cavalier he saw before him. *Don Sancho* said the same thing with this addition, that since *Don Juhan* had been brought into *Don Manuel's* house by one of his Daughters, it was probable they had a mutual affection one for the other, and that for his part, he would rather dye a thousand times, than enter into the state of Matrimony with the least scruple. *Dorothea* cast herself at her Father's feet, beseeching him to give her audience, and he should know how all things stood. She related to him all that past between her and *Don Sancho de Sylva*, before he had, in her quarrel, kill'd *Don Diego*. She acquainted him that *Don Juhan de Peralto* fell afterwards in love

with her ; as also with the design she had engag'd her self in, to undeceive him, and to advise him to demand her Sister in marriage, and at last concluded her discourse with this protestation, that if she could not satisfy *Don Sancho* of her innocence, and the continuance of her affection to him, she would that very day enter into a Monastery, whence no persuasions in the world should ever get her out again.

Don Sancho was soon satisfy'd with the account *Dorothea* had given of her fidelity towards him, and immediately demanded her in marriage of *Don Manuel*. By some passages of her discourse concerning *Don Juhan*, particularly by the time of his first appearance at *Sevil*, the place whence he came in the *Indies*, and the Relations he had there, the two Rival-Brothers came to know one the other. *Don Juhan* finding also by some circumstances of *Dorothea's* discourse, the affection which her Sister *Felicianna* had for him, humbly address'd himself to her, assuring her that if she still persisted in the same sentiments, he should think himself the happiest man in the world. He thereupon demanded her in marriage of *Don Manuel*, who receiv'd them both for his Sons-in-law, with a satisfaction that cannot well be express'd.

As soon as it was day, *Don Sancho* sent for the Marquess *Fabiano*, who came to participate of his friend's joy, after he had spent the night in distracted thoughts what should have become of him. The whole business was kept secret, till *Don Manuel* and the Marquess had dispos'd a Cousin of *Don Diego*, to whom his Estate, upon the

the other's Death, had faln, to forget his Kinsman's misfortune, and accommodate himself with *Don Sancho*. During this negotiation, the Marquess fell in love with a Sister of that Gentleman's, and demanded her of him in marriage. He gladly entertain'd a proposal so advantageous to his Sister, and thereupon was content to accept of any thing they could offer on the behalf of *Don Sancho*. The three marriages were solemnized the same day, with so great content of all parties, as was not onely remarkable at that time, but continu'd many years after.

The



SCARRON'S
NOVELS.

The Invisible Mistress.

The Third Novel.



DON Carlos of Arragon was a young Gentleman of an illustrious Family, well known in Spain under that name; his person such, that a curious eye might have observ'd somewhat in him transcending all descriptions of the most elaborate Romances, yet not comparable to the noble accomplishments of his mind. But

But what comes more particular to the character we have to give of him, is, that, at certain Showes, wherewith the Vice-Roy of *Naples* entertain'd the populace, upon occasion of the Nuptial solemnities of *Philip*, the second, third, or fourth, of *Spain*, (I cannot now well call to mind) he did things beyond their belief, who onely receiv'd them by relation. The next day after a famous Tiltng, at which he had behav'd himself with such gallantry, as rais'd no less astonishment in the beholders, than indignation and shame in those who ventur'd at a trial of their address in the same exercise, the Ladies obtain'd a permission of the Vice-Roy, to go about the City disguis'd, and mask'd after the *French* mode, for the convenience of such Strangers as those magnificencies had brought thither from all parts of the Kingdom. That day, *Don Carlos* put on the richest cloaths he had, and went, among many others, who, as so many Cockatrices, intended to murder all the Ladies they look'd on, to a Church, where most of the Gallantry were to meet. Where he it observ'd by the way, that *Christian* Churches may be profan'd, as well in those Countries which profess most obedience to the holy See, as in others, and instead of being us'd as the Temples of God, become a Rendezvous for those who have not the opportunities so well to meet else-where. The onely remedy I can at present think of to prevent this scandal, is, that there be a new Officer created in every Parish, whose charge it shall be, to mark what persons come to those Sacred places upon Love-appointments, and if they will not depart the place by fair means, to drive them thence
with

with as little regard, as they would do those snarling creatures, which many times stick not to quarrel there, to the great distraction of people's devotion.

But some busie-body will haply be so impertinent as to ask, why I should trouble my head with these abuses, as if I were some Master of a Parish, or Lay-Elder, that had a Maid who should exercise his dog at home? I would have the fool that is scandaliz'd at it, know, that in this lower part of the world, all men are fools, as well as liars, some more, some less, and perhaps I who now speak a greater fool than any, though it might abate somewhat of my folly, that I am so free to acknowledge it, and wisthal that this Book of mine, and all others of this kind, being but so many collections of fooleries, I hope, every fool in his quality and degree, will some-where or other light upon a little description of himself; if he be not too much besotted with self-conceit.

But let the Reader take it as he will. Let me go on with my story. *Don Carlos*, as I told you, was gotten into a Church, with divers other Gentlemen, *Italians* and *Spaniards*, who were strutting up and down in their feathers, like so many Peacocks, and making reverences to more persons than they were known to, (a vanity practis'd sometimes in Churches as well as *Hide-Parks*) when three Ladies, all close mask'd, singl'd him out from among the rest, and having led him a little aside, one of them address'd her self to him either in these words, or others to the same effect.

“Signor *Don Carlos*, said she to him, I have a
“business to impart to you, whereof perhaps you
“little

“ little thought either before or at your devotions,
 “ which is, that there is in this City a Lady to
 “ whom you are extremely oblig’d. She was pre-
 “ sent at the Tilting, and all those other exercises,
 “ wherein you have lately been engag’d, and al-
 “ ways wish’d you might come off with honour,
 “ as you have done. She is not so vain to think
 “ your success wholly the effect of her wishes, but
 “ leaves it to your self to consider, what degree
 “ of kindness you will allow her good wishes, and
 “ what a Ladie’s concerning her self so particularly
 “ in your good fortune may signifie ; if it were
 “ express’d in other terms.

The young Gallant was a little surpriz’d at the
 strangeness of the adventure ; but having recover’d
 himself, he made this Reply. “ The greatest ad-
 “ vantage I can make to myself of what you tell
 “ me, Madam, is, that I receive it from you, who
 “ seem to be a Lady of quality, and I am to assure
 “ you, that could I have imagin’d any Lady had
 “ had such tender wishes for me, I should have
 “ endeavour’d to do more than I have done to de-
 “ serve her approbation. And therefore, I am to
 “ account the obligation she hath put on me the
 “ greater, in that it proceeds from a person, to
 “ whom I have not the honour to be known.

The disguis’d Lady told him, that he had not
 omitted any thing which might render him, even
 in the judgment of persons less prejudic’d by kind-
 ness than that Lady, one of the most accomplish’d
 men in the world. But another thing she had ta-
 ken particular notice of, was, that it might be
 presum’d, by his Liveries of black and white, his
 affection was not any where engag’d. “ I never
 “ un-

“ understood, Madam, replies *Don Carlos*, what
“ colours signifi’d in such a case; but this I know,
“ that it is not so much out of any insensibility, or
“ indifference I have towards your fairer sex, that
“ I have not made my addresses to any one of it, as
“ an apprehension of my own want of merit.

There pass’d abundance of other ingenuous complements between them, for their discourse continu’d a long time; but I shall forbear the communication of them, not onely because they never came to my knowledge, and that I am loath to make others out of a fear it might be to the disadvantage of *Don Carlos* and the unknown Lady, who were infinitely more witty than I am, as I have been since inform’d by an honest Gentleman of *Naples*, who was intimately acquainted with them both. The result was this, that the mask’d Lady declar’d her self thus far to *Don Carlos*, that she her self was the person who had that inclination for him. He desir’d to see her; She desir’d him to excuse her for the present, telling him she would endeavour to satisfy him some other time, and to assure him that she was not afraid to give him a meeting, at which there should be none but themselves, she would give him a pledge. With that she discover’d to the gentle *Spaniard*, the fairest hand he had ever seen, and presented him with a Ring, which he made no difficulty to receive, but with such distracted reflections on the odness of the accident, that he had almost forgotten to make her a congey, when she took leave of him.

The other Gentlemen, who had, at a distance, observ’d what had pass’d between *Don Carlos* and the

the Lady, though not over-heard their discourse, seeing they were parted, came up to him, very desirous to know what might occasion so long a converse in so publick a place. He freely told them what had happen'd, and shew'd them the Ring, wherein was a Diamond of very great price. Whereupon every one pass'd his judgment on the adventure, and the result of the whole debate was, that *Don Carlos* found himself seiz'd by as violent a passion for the unknown Lady, as if he had seen her face, such an inevitable influence hath Wit over those that have any. Eight tedious days, and those attended by ten times more tedious nights, pass'd away ere he heard any further account of the Lady; which that he was extremely troubled at, I should easily have believ'd, though I had never been told so much.

During that time, his divertisement was to go every day to an acquaintance of his, a Captain of Foot, at whose house several persons of quality met to spend some few hours and pieces at play. One night, that *Don Carlos* was not in an humour to venture any thing, but was going home much sooner than he was wont, he was call'd by his name, from a ground-room belonging to a house, which seem'd to be some persons of great quality. He comes up close to the window, which had a grate before it, and presently found by her voice, that she was his invisible Mistress, who presently said to him; "Come as near as you can to the window, *Don Carlos*, I have been here a good while expecting you, that we may decide a difference there is between us. I have some apprehension of your impatience, and must permit you

“you to expostulate, though you have not so great
“reason to complain, as you imagine to your self.
“What construction, Madam, *replies Don Carlos*,
“can I make of all these bravadoes of yours, when
“in the mean time you dare not trust me with the
“sight of your face, nay, after my so long expe-
“ctation, think it a signal favour to me, to make
“your appearance at a grated window, and that in
the night. No more of your censures, *Don Carlos*,
“*says she to him*, be satisfi’d; that I think it not
“yet time we should be fully known one to an-
“other, and imagine it not want of any confi-
“dence in me, that I have been so backward to
“meet you, but impute it to a curiosity I had to
“know you, before I suffer’d you to see me. I
“need not tell you, that in appointed combats
“there should be an equality of arms: if your
“heart should not be as free and dis-engag’d as
“mine, the advantage would be of your side; and
“thence it came; that I was desirous to be in-
“form’d concerning you. And what account have
“you receiv’d of me, *says Don Carlos*? The world,
“Madam, is full of flattery and calumny, it con-
“cerns you to examine well the credit of your in-
“formation. But may you communicate what
“you have found out by an enquiry which hath
“been so long a making as it is since I had the ho-
“nour first to meet you? I have as much as I am
“satisfi’d with, *replies the disguis’d Lady*, and it
“is onely this, that we are free enough to become
“one another’s. No, Madam, *says Don Carlos*, there
“is a great inequality in the case; for you see me,
“and know who I am, nay you acknowledge your
“self, that you have particularly enquir’d of me,
“where-

“whereas I never saw you, nor know who you
“are, nor where to be inform’d. What judgment
“do you conceive I should make of this shyness,
“and the earnest care you take to keep your self
“from my knowledge. These mysterious pro-
“ceedings are seldom us’d by those, whose de-
“signs are just and generous; and it is no hard
“matter to deceive a person who mistrusts no trea-
“chery; but he is not so easily deceiv’d twice. If
“you think to make use of me, to raise a jealousy
“in some other, give me leave to tell you before-
“hand, that you will not find me for your purpose,
“and that I am not to be drawn into any other
“plot than that of being your most humble and
“most faithful Servant.

The invisible Lady suffer’d him to go on in his
discourse, out of an expectation, that, among the
many things he said, he might let fall somewhat,
which might contribute to the further discovery
she was desirous to make of him. But at last find-
ing nothing to fasten on but his distrust of her, she
made him this Reply; “Well, *Don Carlos*, have
“you been sufficiently censorious, or am I yet to
“tell you, that your assurance of my sincerity,
“must be the issue of your own belief of it; and
“that your hastiness will rather retard than hasten
“the accomplishment of your desires. Assure your
“self therefore, without any further reflections on
“the grounds you have to suspect me, that I am
“very real and sincere; and that you shall find
“me no less in all that shall happen between us,
“and I expect you should be the like to me. That
“were but just, *replies Don Carlos*, but it were
“requisite I should see you, and know who you
H “are,

“are. It shall not be long ere you do, *replies the*
 “*Lady*, and therefore, in the mean time, receive
 “this Antidote against impatience, that onely by
 “the trial I shall make of your constancy, you may
 “attain what you pretend to from me, who now
 “assure you, (to the end your courtship may not
 “be without some encouragement and hope of
 “requital) that I am equal to you as to *Quality*;
 “that I have an Estate plentiful enough to main-
 “tain you in as much splendour as the greatest
 “Prince in the Kingdom; that I am young; that
 “I may challenge somewhat of beauty; and for
 “matter of wit, you are better stor’d your self, then
 “to be doubtful whether I have any or not.

With these words she shut to the window, leaving *Don Carlos* with his mouth open, ready to make her some Answer, so surpriz’d at the smartness of her expressions, so passionately in love with a person he had never seen, and so distracted at the strangeness of the procedure, that, not able to stir from the place, he stood still for a good quarter of an hour, making several reflections on so extraordinary an adventure. He knew there were many Princesses and Ladies of great quality then at *Naples*; but he knew withal, that there were many subtil Curtezans, eagerly bent to trapan Strangers, greet cajollers of such as were ignorant of their impostures, and so much the more dangerous, by how much they were the more beautiful.

Having recover’d his astonishment, he went very disconsolately to his lodging, but resolv’d to prosecute the design wherein he was engag’d, with all the caution he could, out of a fear it might prove a cheat put upon him. I shall not tell you exactly.

exactly whether he supp'd, or not, nor yet whether, in case he went to bed supperless, he slept, or not, and yet there might be much probability of the latter. These considerable circumstances of a *Hero's* life, I seldom trouble my self or my Reader with, though it be very much practis'd by the Authors of much greater Romances, than the world is ever like to have from me. For those Gentlemen give such a punctual account of all their *Hero's* do, and regulate their employments according to the several parts of the day, appointing them to do such a thing first, and then some other, as if they were shut up in some place of spiritual Retreat. For example, they must rise betimes in the morning, and having met with some-body, though they had never seen the party before, entertain him or her, with the History of their adventures, till they be call'd in to dinner: dine very lightly, and, as soon as they have din'd, retire into some arbour, to proceed in the continuation of it, or spend the afternoon in reading some Romance; when-ever they drink, take as many go-downs as there are letters in their Mistress's names, in commemoration of them; and if the clock strikes, make so many ejaculations for the good success of their Loves. If the weather be inviting to go abroad, they are led into some Grove, where they are to acquaint the Trees and Stones with their misfortunes, till their supper-time calls them home, at which having, instead of eating, spent the time in sighs and reveries, go and build Castles in the air upon some Turret, that looks towards the Sea, while some Squire or Servant discovers that his Master is such a one, the Son of such a King, and

that there is not a better natur'd Prince in the world; and though he be then one of the handsomest men in the world, that he was quite another person, before Love had disfigur'd him. And thus they make those whom they would represent for exemplars of all the great and heroick *Vertues*, in many things no better than so many *Extravagant Shepherds* and *Don Quixots*.

But to return to my Story. *Don Carlos* came the night following to the same post, where he found his invisible Mistress ready to entertain him. She ask'd him whether he had not been much troubled at the former converse they had together, and whether it were not true, that he had entertain'd some distrust of what she had told him. *Don Carlos*, without answering her question, entreated her to satisfy him, what danger or inconvenience there might be, in discovering her self, since things were upon even terms on both sides, and that they propos'd to themselves no other ends in their gallantries, than such as might be approv'd by all. "In that lies the whole danger of it, *says the invisible Lady*, as you shall find in time; be you therefore assur'd, that I am real, and, in the relation I gave you of my self, I have been so modest, that, without injury to truth, I might have told you much more. Their discourse lasted a long time. They made some advance in the mutual love they had rais'd in one another, and at last parted, after a reciprocal promise to meet there every night, at the time they had agreed on.

The next day, there was to be an extraordinary Ball at the Vice-Roy's Palace. *Don Carlos* was in hopes to make a discovery there of the person, who would

would be invisible to him in all other places. In the mean time he made enquiry, whose house that was, where he had receiv'd such favourable audiences. He was told by the neighbours, that there liv'd in it an antient Lady, the Relict of a certain *Spanish* Captain, that she liv'd very private, and had neither Daughters nor Nieces. He knock'd at the door, and desir'd to see the old Lady; answer was brought him, that since the death of her Husband, she admitted no visits from any person whatsoever; which added not a little to the disturbance of his thoughts.

Don Carlos went at night to the Vice-Roy's, where you may imagine there was a noble Assembly of Gallants. He very exactly observ'd all the Ladies, to find out her whom he so much desir'd to know. He fell into discourse with those he met; but without any satisfaction. At last he singl'd out the Daughter of a certain Marquess, where his Title lay I know not, nor care much, especially now we are come to an age wherein people are too forward to assume Titles of Honour to themselves. The Lady was young and beautiful enough, and her voice came somewhat near hers whom he look'd for: but after much observation, he found such a distance between her intellectuals and those of his invisible Deity, that it repented him he had in so short a time made such a progress in his courtship to that Beauty, as whence he might presume that she had a more than ceremonious kindness for him. They danc'd together several times, and the Ball being done, little to the satisfaction of *Don Carlos*, he took leave of his Captive, whom he left highly conceited of her self, that she alone, in

so noble an Assembly, had receiv'd the gallantries of a Cavalier, who was no less esteem'd by all the women, than envi'd by all the men.

From the Vice-Roy's, he immediately went to his lodging, and thence, having taken such arms as he thought requisite, to the fatal Grate, which was not far from it. The Lady, who was already got to her post, ask'd him what news he brought from the Ball, though she had been there her self. He ingenuously told her, that he had danc'd several times with a very beautiful person, and had entertain'd her with discourse as long as the Ball lasted. This confession gave her occasion to put divers questions to him, whereby he might easily have perceiv'd that she was jealous. *Don Carlos* on the other side discover'd the trouble of his mind, that she had not been at the Ball, and that it gave him some cause to mistrust her quality. She soon observ'd what he would have been at, and to prevent the disturbance such a doubt might raise in him, she us'd all the wit and Rhetorick she had, and shew'd him all the kindness could be expected between two persons separated by an iron-grate, which concluded with a promise, that she would be visible within a very short time. They thereupon took leave one of the other, he very doubtful whether he should believe her, and she a little jealous of the beautiful Lady, whom he had entertain'd all the time of the Ball.

The next day, *Don Carlos* going into a Church, to hear Mass, and meeting just at the door with two Ladies mask'd, presented them with holy water, to spare them the trouble of taking it themselves. The better clad of the two told him, that in requital of
that

that civility she had somewhat to acquaint him with, wherein he might be highly concern'd. "If you are not too much in haste, Madam, says Don Carlos to her, you may immediately ease your self of what you have to tell me. Follow me then into the next Chapel, replies the unknown Lady. She went in first, and Don Carlos follow'd her, much in doubt whether she were his Mistress, (though he was satisfi'd she was about the same stature) in regard he found some difference in their voices, this Lady speaking somewhat faster than the other.

Having shut themselves into the Chapel, she made him this discourse. "Signor Don Carlos, said she, the whole City of Naples is full of wonder, at the great reputation you have acquir'd, since the small time of your residence in it, and you are look'd upon, by all, as the most accomplish'd person in the world : Onely this occasions a general astonishment, that, being what you are, you should not have observ'd, there are in this City several Ladies of great quality and worth, who have a particular esteem and kindness for you. They have express'd so much, as far as modesty and the reserv'dness of their sex would permit, and though they earnestly wish you assur'd of it, yet would they rather it might be said, you regarded it not out of a certain insensibility, than dissembled your inadvertency, out of indifference. There is, among others, one, of my acquaintance, who, not regarding what may be said of such a discovery, gives you this eminent assurance of the esteem she hath for you, as to give you notice, That your mid-night adventures

"tures are observ'd; that you indiscreetly engage
 "your affection to what you have no knowledge
 "of, and since the person you court as a Mistress
 "will not vouchsafe you a sight of her, that it is
 "either out of a fear she is not amiable enough to
 "gain your love, or asham'd of her own. I
 "doubt not but the object of your contempla-
 "tive love is some Lady of high quality, and tran-
 "scendent wit, and that you imagine to your self
 "a Mistress who is, such, of all the excellencies
 "her sex is capable of, and consequently deserv-
 "ing the adoration of such a person as you are;
 "But Signor *Don Carlos*, let me give you this
 "advice, not to trust your imagination, to the
 "prejudice of your judgment, but rather mistrust
 "a person, who disguises her self, and avoid all
 "further engagement in these nocturnal conver-
 "sations. To deal freely with you, 'tis I who am
 "jealous of this fantasm of yours, troubled you
 "should speak to her, and, since I have express'd
 "my self thus far, am resolv'd to quash her de-
 "signs, and defeat all her projects, so as to de-
 "prive her of a victory which I may justly dispute
 "with her; since I am not inferiour to her, either
 "as to beauty, fortune, or quality, or indeed any
 "thing that may render a woman amiable. Fare-
 "well, I leave you to make your advantage of the
 "good counsel I have given you, which, if you are
 "wise, I doubt not but you will.

With these last words she went out of the
 Chapel, not staying for the Answer, which *Don*
Carlos was ready to make her. He would have fol-
 low'd her, but he found at the Church-door a
 person of quality, who presently fell into discourse,
 with

with her, and continu'd it so long, that he grew weary of staying to see her dis-engag'd. All the remainder of the day, his thoughts were wholly taken up with this adventure, and he suspected, at first, that the Gentlewoman he had met with at the Ball, might be the last mask'd Lady, that had appear'd to him : but considering with himself, that she seem'd to be much more ingenuous, than the other had discover'd her self, he was at a loss what to think of it, and began to wish he had not engag'd himself so far to his obscure Mistress, that he might have address'd his devotions to her whom he had last parted with. But at last, reflecting that she was no more known to him than his former invisible Lady, whose wit had charm'd him in the conversation he had had with her, he resolv'd what course he should take, and little regarded the menaces which had been made him, as being a person not to be frighten'd with great words.

In pursuance of this resolution, he went that very night to his iron-grate at the hour appointed. The two Lovers spent their time, much after the same rate as they had at their former meetings. But being come near the height of their amorous discourse, it was unexpectedly interrupted by a strange accident. *Don Carlos* was of a sudden surpriz'd by four men in vizards, who having disarm'd him, carri'd him away by main force into a Coach, which waited at the lower end of the street. I leave the Reader to imagine how heartily he rail'd on them, and the reproaches he made them, that they had taken him so much at their advantage. Nay, he tri'd what fair words and promises might do ; but instead of prevailing ought upon

upon them, it onely oblig'd them to look more narrowly to him, and deprive him of all hope to help himself either by his strength or courage.

In the mean time, the Coach went forward as fast as four good Horses could draw it, and about an hour after they had left the City, he was brought into a magnificent Palace, the great Gate whereof stood open, as if it had been purposely for his reception. The four disguis'd persons receiv'd *Don Carlos* out of the Coach, holding him fast under the arms, as if he had been some Ambassadour conducted to the Grand Signor, or the King of *Persia*. He was brought up the first Story with the same ceremony, and there, two Gentlewomen mask'd receiv'd him, at the entrance of a spacious Hall, having each of them Torches in their hands. The disguis'd men took leave of him, and withdrew, after they had made him a most low congey. 'Tis very probable, they left him neither Sword nor Pistol, nor that he return'd them any thanks for the care they had of him, and their trouble to bring him thither. Not but that he was a person of as much civility as any man in the world, but one surpris'd may well be pardon'd the backwardness of expressing it so much as another.

I shall not tell you whether those great Wax-lights which the Gentlewomen held, were in Silver Candlesticks, but this I am sure of, that they were carv'd and emboss'd work, and the Hall was one of the most sumptuous in the world, and, if you please, the furniture of it, without disparagement, comparable to some Appartments of our late Romances, as for example *Zelmana's* Ship in *Polexander*, *Ibrahim's* Palace in the *Illustrions Bassa*,

Bassa, or the Room, in which the King of *Assyria* entertain'd *Mandana*, in the *Grand Cyrus*, which, not to disparage those other I nam'd, is, one of the most magnificently furnish'd Books of any in the world. Imagine then how much our cajoll'd Lover was astonish'd to find himself in so sumptuous an apartment, attended onely by two Gentlewomen mask'd, who spoke not at all, and conducted him thence into another room, more nobly furnish'd than the Hall, where they left him all alone. Had he been of the humour of *Don Quixot*, he would have been transported into some extravagance befitting so great an Adventurer, and he would have conceited himself at least *Esplandian* or *Amadis*; but our grave Spaniard was no more troubled at it, than if he had been in some Inn, or Country-house of his own. True it is, he was much troubled for his Invisible Mistress, and having his thoughts continually fixt on her, he thought that room sadder than any Prison, which is never accounted handsome, but on the out-side. He was confident they intended him no hurt who had Lodg'd him so nobly, and wanted not much of being satisfy'd, that the Lady, who had spoken to him the day before in the Church, was the Sorceress, who had wrought all these enchantments. He admir'd in himself the fantastick humours of Women; and with what expedition they execute what they have once resolv'd; and thereupon he concluded it his best course patiently to expect the period of the adventure, and to continue faithful to his Mistress at the Grate, what promises or menaces whatsoever might be made to him.

Some

Some time after, certain Officers belonging to the House, all in Vizards, but very richly clad, came in to lay the cloath, which done, Supper was brought up. All was very magnificent; Musick and Perfumes were not wanting, and our *Don Carlos*, besides the senses of Smelling, and Hearing, satisfy'd also that of the Taste, much beyond what I should have imagin'd, the condition he was in consider'd; my meaning is, that he made a good Supper, for, as I told you, he could not live on the airy entertainments of sighs, and amorous imaginations. I forgot to tell you, that I think he wash'd his mouth before he sat down, for I have heard, that he had an extraordinary care of his teeth. The Musick continu'd playing a good while after Supper, and all having left him, *Don Carlos* walk'd up and down the room a good while, ruminating on all these enchantments, or somewhat else, it matters not much. At last two Gentlewomen mask'd, and a little Dwarf of a Page mask'd also, after they had laid a rich cloath on a Side-table, came to help him off with his cloaths, without any previous question, whether he had any mind to go to Bed or not. He suffer'd them to do what they pleas'd; the Gentlewomen order'd his Bed, and march'd away; the Page help'd him off with his boots or shooes, and afterwards with his cloaths. *Don Carlos* got into Bed, and all this was done with as strict an observation of silence of all sides, as if he had been in some Monastery of *Carthusians*. He rested well enough for an amorous person; the Birds of an adjoining aviary awak'd him at the break of Day; the mask'd Dwarf was ready to wait on him, and brought him

him the finest Linnen, the whitest, and best perfume'd that he had ever seen.

'Twere too hard a task to give an account how he pass'd away the time from Morning till Noon, let those who feel the gripings of a passionate love imagine it, as for other people, it matters not what they think. The silence, which had hitherto been exactly observ'd of all sides, was broken at last, by another mask'd Gentlewoman, who came to ask him, whether he would be pleas'd to see the Princess of that enchanted Palace. He told her, it was his desire, and that she should be very welcome. Not long after, she comes into the room, attended by four Gentlewomen very richly clad, and with that lustre and attraction, as if the Graces had bestow'd the whole morning in dressing her. Never had our *Spaniard* seen a greater conjunction of Love and Majesty in one countenance, than he now saw in that of this unmask'd *Urganda*. He was so ravish'd and astonish'd together, that all the Congees he made, and the several postures he put himself into, while he led her by the hand into an adjoining room, were little better than so many stumblings. What he had thought so sumptuous in the Hall, and the other room, whereof I told you before, were nothing in comparison of what he found in this, and yet as magnificent as all things were, they receiv'd some addition of lustre from the mask'd Lady, who honour'd the place with her divine presence. They sat down on a sumptuous Couch, the most sumptuous that had ever been made, since the first invention of Couches. Having view'd him a while, to see how he kept his countenance, she at last spoke

spoke to him, with a Voice as sweet as a Virginal, discovering her mind in a discourse, not much different from that I am now going to give you.

“ I doubt not, Signor *Don Carlos*, says she to him, of your being surpris’d, at what hath happen’d to you in my House since your coming into it last night ; but if it have not had that effect on you which I imagine to my self, I have however the satisfaction of assuring you that I am no worse than my promise, and convincing you, by what I have already done, what I am further able to do. ’Tis possible, my Rival, your Invisible Mistress, may, by her artifices, and the good fortune of having engag’d you first, be absolutely possess’d of that place in your heart, which I am to dispute with her : but she is no Woman that will be put off with one denial, and if my fortunes, which are not to be slighted, and all may be had with me be too weak a motive to induce you to love me, I shall yet have this self-content, that I have chosen rather to run the hazard of being slighted for my imperfection, than obscure my self out of subtilty or shame.

With those words she took off her mask, and gave *Don Carlos* a full discovery of Heaven, or, if you please, a small draught of it, the loveliest Head in the world, sustain’d by a Body of the noblest stature he had ever admir’d, in a word, both together making up a person wholly divine. By the fresh complexion of her countenance, a Man would have guess’d her not to exceed sixteen years of age ; but a certain mixture of majesty and gallantry in the air of it, such as young persons are

are not arriv'd to, gave a greater assurance of her being four years elder.

Don Carlos stood mute a while, as being unresolv'd what Answer he should make her, not a little incens'd against his invisible Lady, who hinder'd him from making an absolute disposal of himself to the most beautiful person he had ever seen, and at a perfect loss, both as to what he should say, or what he should do. At last, after an interior conflict, which lasted long enough to raise some doubts in the Lady of the enchanted Palace, he took a firm resolution, to make her a clear discovery of his soul, and it prov'd (such is commonly the reward of sincerity) one of the noblest and most advantageous actions he ever did. But you expect his Answer. Many persons, who have heard of it, have been of opinion he might have done better, and declar'd his mind a little more smartly, when he had once resolv'd which game he would be at. But I am onely his Secretary, and think my self concern'd in point of conscience, to lay down the very words he deliver'd, which were these, as near as I can remember.

"I must acknowledge, Madam, *said he*, that it
 "would have been too great a happiness to please
 "such a person as you are, could I have been but
 "so happy as that I might have lov'd you. I am
 "sufficiently sensible, that I refuse the most beautiful person in the world, to court another who
 "possibly may be such onely in my imagination.
 "But, Madam, would you think me worthy your
 "affection, if you thought me capable of an un-
 "faithfulness, towards a person, whom I had prom-
 "is'd constancy? And is it consistent with my
 "con-

“constancy that I should address my affection to
“you? But why do I say mine, when I have not
“had any to dispose, since the engagement of fi-
“delity I made to that Mistress, who is yet
“pleas’d to be invisible to me? You are therefore,
“Madam, not so much to blame me, as bewail
“my misfortune; or rather let us jointly bemoan
“our selves; you, because you cannot obtain your
“desires, and I, that I cannot see what I love.

He deliver’d this with so sad an accent, that the Lady might easily observe he made a sincere discovery of his thoughts. She omitted nothing which she conceiv’d might persuade him, to fall off from his former love; he was deaf to all her entreaties, nay was little mov’d at her tears, though the greatest Rhetorick a Woman can use. She renew’d the charge several times; he as obstinately kept his ground. At last she fell to bitter railings and reproaches, and having vented on him all the injurious expressions, that could proceed from exasperated rage; and that a woman’s, she left him, not so much to consider what he had to do, as to curse his misfortune. A Gentlewoman came in a while after, to tell him, that, if he pleas’d, he might take a turn or two in the Garden. He went, not meeting with any body in his way, till he came to the bottom of the stairs, where he found ten men with vizards on, who waited at the door, arm’d with Partizans and Carbines. As he pass’d through the Court, to go towards the Garden, which was in all things answerable to the Palace, one of those men, who stood Centrie at the gate, comes up to him, and whispers him in the ear (as if he had been much afraid.

afraid to be over-heard) That he had receiv'd from an antient Gentleman a Letter directed to him, and that he had promis'd the delivery of it into his own hands, though it might hazard his life, if it were discover'd: but a present of twenty pieces, and a promise of a like summe afterwards, had prevail'd with him to venture the doing of that dangerous kindness. *Don Carlos* promis'd secrefie, and made all the haste he could into the Garden to read what he had receiv'd from him.

THE LETTER.

Signor *Don Carlos*,

YOU may easily imagine what trouble I have been in, ever since I lost you, by that you are in your self, if so your love be as violent as mine. My affliction was not capable of any abatement, till I had discover'd the place where you are, and that's the onely comfort I have. The Lady, who contriv'd your surprize and carrying away, from the place where we thought our selves secure from such ambushes, is the Princess *Porcia*. To satisfie her own humour, she slights all other considerations, and you are not the first *Reynaldo* that hath fall'n into the hands of that dangerous *Arnida*. But I shall break all her enchantments, and it shall not be long ere I force you, out of her embraces, into my own, a happiness you will deserve, if you are as constant as I wish you should be, to

Your invisible Mistress.

Don Carlos was ravish'd to receive this account of his Lady, for whom he had a real and violent affection. He kiss'd the Letter till he grew weary of that divertisement, and return'd to the gate, to find out him from whom he had receiv'd it, and to requite his kindness with a rich Diamond-ring, off his finger. He walk'd a good while longer in the Garden, wondring extremely at the strange humour of that Princess *Porcia*, of whom he had heard much, as of a young Lady of a very great fortune, and descended of one of the noblest Houses in the Kingdom; and being a person of great vertue, he conceiv'd such an aversion for her, that he resolv'd, though with the hazard of his life, to do all he could to get out of that restraint wherein she kept him.

As he was coming out of the Garden, he met with a young Gentlewoman, unmask'd (for upon the Ladie's discovery of her self, orders were given there should be no more masks seen about the Palace) who ask'd him, whether he would be pleas'd to admit of her Ladie's company, to dine with him that day. I leave you to judge, whether he return'd, *She should be welcome*, or *With all his heart*, or, *That it was an honour he could not have aspir'd to*. Soon after, dinner was brought in; the Princess appear'd fairer than the Day, and her conversation took the amorous *Spaniard* so highly, that it bred in him a secret trouble to see, in a person of so great quality, such excellent endowments so strangely misemploy'd. He endeavour'd all he could to put himself into a pleasant humour, though his thoughts were continually fix'd on his unknown Mistress, whom he was impatiently desirous.

firous to meet with once more at the grate.

As soon as they had taken away, and all the attendants had quitted the room, the Lady assaulted his constancy one more, in these words. "I know not, Signor *Don Carlos*, said she, whether I may, from the chearfulness, which me-thinks I have observ'd in your countenance, derive any hope of some change in your mind, or presume that my face and carriage, have at least rais'd in you a doubtfulness, whether the invisible Beauty, you so much dote on, be more capable to force your love than I am. I have not disguis'd what I would have bestow'd on you, because I was not willing you should repent your having receiv'd it; and though a person accustomed to receive Petitions, may easily be offended at a denial, yet I shall forget all resentment of that which I have receiv'd from you, on condition you repair it, by your future compliance, in giving me what I conceive my self more worthy of than the invisible and inaccessible object of your adorations. Let me therefore know your final resolution, that if it prove not to my advantage, I may endeavour to find a counter-battery of reasons, strong enough to beat down those which I think I have had to love you, that I may no longer pursue a vain hope, which will deceive me at last.

Don Carlos paus'd a while, to see whether she would have gone on with the discourse, but perceiving she had given over, and that, with her eyes fasten'd on the ground, she expected the sentence he was to pronounce, he persisted in the resolution he had taken to deal freely with her, and put her out of all hope that he could ever be her

Servant, and so made her this cold and comfortless Answer. "Madam, before I satisfie you, as to
"what you are so desirous to know, I am to beg
"a real discovery of your sentiments concerning
"what I shall propose to you, with the same freedom and sinceritie, as you expect I should observe towards you. If your self had oblig'd a
"person to offer up his affections to you, and by
"all the endearing favours, which a Ladie may
"grant, without injurie or prejudice to her virtue,
"you had engag'd this person to swear and vow an
"inviolable constancy to you, would you not account him the basest and unworthiest of men, if
"he should not perform the promise he had made
"you? And should not I be this verie base and
"and unworthie person, if, though to obtain one
"so infinitelie deserving as you are, I should forsake a woman, who hath some grounds to presume
"that I love her?

He would have proceeded with this and other formal arguments, to satisfie her, but she gave him not the time. "I have enough, *said she*, I perceive
"what your Answer will amount to, and cannot
"forbear admiring your constancie, though it be
"so much contrarie to my satisfaction. I shall
"importune you no further, to a change of the
"resolution you have taken; you shall be deliver'd
"out of your restraint, onelie this kindness I shall
"press you to, that you remain here till night, to
"be remov'd hence, in the same manner as you
"were brought hither, assuring my self, that if
"you ever come to discover where you have been,
"you will be so generous as to conceal the design
"I had upon you, and be moderate in the
"tri-

“triumph of your fidelity. She held a handkerchief before her eyes, while she spoke those last words, as it were to keep her tears from being seen by the *Spaniard*, who, if, on the one side, troubled at what she had said, was, on the other, so transported with joy at the recovery of his liberty, that he could not have conceal’d it, though he had been the greatest hypocrite in the world: and ’tis to be imagin’d that if the Lady had observ’d, he could not have avoided her reproaches. I know not whether he thought it long ere night came, for, as I told you before, I trouble not my self much about the precise observance of times and hours: you may be assur’d it came, and that, being dispos’d into a Coach, he was brought back to his own lodgings, attended by the same persons who had waited on him the night before.

Being one of the kindest Masters in the world, his Servants were over-joy’d to see him again; but they enjoy’d him not long. He put on armour, and accompani’d by two of them, whose courage he had former experience of, he made all the haste he could to the Grate, nay his haste was such, that those who attended him, had much ado to follow him. He had no sooner made the accustom’d signal, but the invisible Deitie answer’d him. They had a long discourse, and that so full of affectionate tenderness, on both sides, that I never think on it, without tears. At last, she told him, that, having receiv’d some affront in the house where she then was, she had sent for her Coach, to remove thence; but in regard it would be long ere it came, and that his might be sooner got ready, she entreated him to send for it, to conduct her to a place, where

he should not any longer complain of her invisibility. The amorous Gallant staid not for a longer entreaty, he ran to his Servants, whom he had left at the end of the street, and sent them for his Coach, which being come, the invisible Lady kept her promise, and went along with him into it. She gave the Coach-man directions which way he should go, and bid him stop at a great house, into which he drove, by the light of many torches, which met them at the gate. *Don Carlos* conducted the Lady as she directed him, up a large pair of stairs, into a spacious Hall, where he continu'd somewhat troubled to find her still mask'd. At last, several Gentlewomen richly apparrell'd, coming to receive them, every one with a great wax candle in her hand, the invisible Lady discover'd her self, and taking off her mask, satisfi'd *Don Carlos*, that the Lady at the grate and the Princess *Porcia* were but one and the same person.

It were no easie matter for me to tell you, how strangely the *Spaniard* was surpriz'd. The beautiful *Neapolitan* told him, that she had brought him away a second time, to know his final resolution; that what pretensions soever the Lady at the grate had to him, were now become hers, with a thousand other things highly amorous and witty. *Don Carlos* cast himself at her feet, embrac'd her knees, and kiss'd her hands, and so avoided the uttering of many impertinences, which people overjoy'd are apt to be guilty of. When these first transportations were over, he rallied together all his wit and gallantry, to celebrate the pleasant humour of his Mistress, and acquitted himself in expressions so advantageous to her, that she was further assur'd
of

of her not being mistaken in her choice. She told him, that she was unwilling to trust any but her self in a trial, without which, she could never have lov'd him, and that she would never have been any man's less constant than he had shewn himself.

Upon this, the Relations of the Princess *Porcia* being acquainted with her design, came in to them. She being one of the most considerable persons in the Kingdom, and *Don Carlos* of great quality, it prov'd no hard matter to 'get a Dispensation from the Arch-bishop, for their marriage. They were married that very night, by the Parson of the Parish, who being an eminent Preacher, 'tis likely, there wanted not a very good Exhortation. Some reported, that it was very late ere they were stirring the next day, which I am apt enough to believe. The News was soon divulg'd, whereat the Vice-Roy, who was nearly related to *Don Carlos*, was so glad, that the publick divertisements began afresh in *Naples*, where they still talk of the Loves of *Don Carlos* and his *INVISIBLE MISTRESS*.



SCARRON'S
NOVELS.

*The Chastisement of
Avarice.*

The Fourth Novel.



OT many years since, a young Lad, poor, to the very lowest degree of poverty, yet of an ambition exceeding it, and infinitely more desirous to be thought a Gentleman, than to be accounted, either a rational Creature or a Christian, came along with his Father out of

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of the Mountains of *Navarr*, with a resolution (whether guided by instinct, or encourag'd by the directions of some others of his friends, I could never learn) to plant themselves at *Madrid*. They had heard much of the gallantry of that place, and were put in hopes, that they should meet with those things there, which they could not find in their own Country, I mean the favours and indulgences of Fortune, which are to be had at the Court, rather than any where else, yet are seldom obtain'd, without much courtship, and excessive importunities. It was the young Lad's good luck, though I know not by what charms procur'd, to be entertain'd a Page by some Grandee, or rather Prince, (for they have the vanity to think themselves such) a condition, not thought very honourable in *Spain*, that is, much at the same rate as that of Lacquies in *France* or *England*. He was put into the Livery about twelve years of age, and, no doubt, he look'd very prettily in it, such an alteration is the first smile of good fortune able to make, in one who, till then, had liv'd no otherwise than as an unciviliz'd Highlander. 'Tis possible, some other person would have grown insolent upon so strange a Metamorphosis; but he was of a quite different temper, and withal the most frugal Page that ever was, nay, what is the greatest commendation of a person of his quality, the least addicted to an Art call'd the Lightness of the Fingers, as haply having not yet been long enough in the City, to understand the advantages of his profession.

Having sold his former rags to the Brokers, he began to think himself a rich man; yet did not his wealth consist so much in the gaudiness of his accoutrements,

coutrements, as in the greatness of his hopes, and a wretched Bed, dispos'd into a small partition of a Garret, which he had taken, not far from his Master's house, and there he retir'd in the night, with his Father, rich in years, since he liv'd, and, upon that account, raising a compassion in all he met, some were so charitable as to relieve him. Those charities were his daily revenue, but so small, that, many times, he went to his Cell, not onely supperless, but hungry. At last the old Man dyes, and his Son was glad to see him so well provided for, out of this reflection, that being disburthen'd of that charge, he was in a fair way to become a rich man. From the hour of his Father's interment, he impos'd upon himself so great a frugality, and enter'd into so strict and austere a kind of Life, that he spent in a manner nothing, of that little, which was allow'd him every day for his subsistence. 'Tis true, it was not without the grumbling and barking of his Stomach, and to the cost of all those, with whom he could make any acquaintance.

Dom Marcos (so was called this remarkable example of penury) was a person of a stature somewhat below the middle size, and, through pure want of seasonable nourishment, he, in a short time, became the slenderest, and driest person in the world. When he waited on his Master at table (which, it seems, was not so often as he could have wish'd) he never chang'd his plate, but that, if there were any thing left on it, he had the admirable sleight of conveying somewhat into his pocket, whether it were dry or liquid he matter'd not much. But finding by experience, that, when he secur'd any thing of the latter kind, it could not be

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be done without offence, he found out an expedient to prevent that inconvenience, for having converted into money the wax of a great number of Torches ends, which he had very carefully kept together, he bought him a pair of pockets of your Latten-ware, wherewith he afterwards did miracles, in order to the advancement of his fortune.

Most covetous persons are commonly vigilant and careful, and these two qualities, heightened by the insatiable passion, which *Dom Marcos* had, to become a rich Man, rais'd in his Master such an extraordinary kindness towards him, that he would not, by any means in the world, have parted with so excellent a Page. He continu'd him in his Livery, from the twelfth, as I told you, to the thirtieth year of his Age, so that, upon the account of his Seniority, he might have taken place of all the Pages in *Spain*. But there happen'd an inconvenience, which prevail'd with his Master to change that resolution, and that was, that this over-grown Page was oblig'd to shave himself every day; whereupon being transform'd from a Page into a Gentleman, he was made by his Master what Heaven would never have made him.

The advantage of this transformation was, that his allowance was advanc'd, by a daily addition of some few Ryals; but he, instead of adding any thing to his expence, rein'd his Purse-strings the more, not regarding how much his new employment oblig'd him to betray a proportionable liberality. He had heard indeed, that some of his Profession, instead of a Boy, to wait them, in the morning, made use of such as sold Aquavita, to make clean their rooms, into which they got them, pretend-

pretending that they would have drunk of their Water, and sometimes in the Winter-time, they call'd up those that sold Wafers and Jumbals (a sort of people that walk as late as the Bak'd-pipin wenches do about *London*) to get off their Cloaths; but in regard this could not be done without a kind of violence, and that our *Dom Marcos* was of an humour, not to be unjust to any but himself, he conceiv'd it his best course not to be troubled with any Servant. Never was there a Candle's end burnt in his Chamber, but he came to it by sight of hand, and to make it last as long as might be, he began to undress himself in the street, from the very place where he had lighted it, so that by that time he was come to his Chamber, he was in a manner ready to get into his Bed. But considering with himself, that it was possible a Man might go to his rest with less charge, his inventive imagination found out another expedient, which was, to make a little hole in the partition, which separated his room from his next Neighbours, so as that, as soon as he had lighted his Candle, *Dom Marcos* opened the hole, and so had light enough to do any thing he had to do at that time of the Night.

That one side of his Body should not laugh at the other, nor either of them at the middle of his haunches, he wore his Sword one day on the right side, the next day, on the left, the third hanging perpendicularly down his back, and all this, that his Cloaths might be equally worn out of all sides, and that the Damage should be the less, being equally divided. Upon the very break of Day, he stood at his door, with a little Earthen pitcher in his hand, begging a little water of all the Water-bearers.

bearers that pass'd by, and so he suppli'd himself with water for many days together. He went many times into a little Buttery, just at the time that the other Servants belonging to his Master, who had their Diet in the House, were at Meals, and there he would take occasion to commend what they had before them, that some body might invite him to taste of it. He never bought any Wine, yet drunk of it every day, either by tasting what the publick Criers carri'd about, or staying in the streets those, who had been buying at the Cabarets, of whom he begg'd a taste, as if he intended to buy himself of the same. Coming to *Madrid* upon a Mule, he cast such a mist before the eyes of his Hosts, that he kept the poor Beast onely with pieces of the Bed-mats on which he lay, and what other remnants of old Mars he could meet with.

There happen'd a necessity, one time, that he must take a Servant along with him, upon a Journey he had to make ; but growing weary of him the first day of his service, he bethought himself of a pretty device to put him off. Pretending that he could not drink the Wine at the Inn where he then was, he sent the poor fellow to another, a good League distant, where he said there was much better. There was no way but to obey the commands of his new Master ; but, before his return, he was gone away, and had left false directions, where to find him, and so the poor Boy was forc'd to get back again to *Madrid* with a weeping-cross, as being reduc'd to play the Pilgrim, and beg all the way, for the Mony he had given him to buy the Wine prov'd naught. In fine, *Don*

Marcos

Marcos became the living pourtraiture of base thrift and avarice, and was so well known to be the most covetous Man that ever *Spain* bred, that, in *Madrid*, they had no other name for a miserable fellow, than *Dom Marcos*.

His Master, and all his Friends, told a thousand pleasant stories of him, and that even in his presence, for he never troubled himself at their discourse, as minding his own advantage more than their raillery, though he understood it well enough, and would put in ever and anon some grave saying or Apothegm. One of them was, that a Woman could never be handsome, if she lov'd to receive; nor ever deformed if she had any thing to give: And that a prudent and thrifty Man should never go to Bed, till he had made some advantage or other. This excellent Theory, seconded by as exact a Practice, had brought him in, by that time he was arriv'd to forty years of Age, ten thousand Crowns in ready mōny, a vast sum for a Gentleman, waiting on a Grandee, especially one of *Spain*. But what will not a long process of time bring a Man to, when he robs himself of all he can, as well as other people.

Dom Marcos having thus acquir'd the reputation of being rich, without that of following any evil course or gaming, was soon look'd upon as an advantageous Match, by several Women, who, above all things, and with all the artifices imaginable, prosecute their own concerns. Among the many who proffer'd him their enjoyments and liberty, (for Women in *Spain* are but a small degree above Slaves) there was one *Isidora*, a Woman that went for a Widdow, though she.

she had never been married, and that it was at least forty years since she had been a Maid. She seem'd to be much younger than she was, so well was she vers'd in the disguises and artifices, which Women sometimes use, to bely their Age and Wrinkles. Her fortune was measur'd according to her expence, which was very high for a Woman of her condition ; insomuch that the common report, which is ever rash and apt to lye, gave her out to be worth, besides what she might have in Mony and Jewels, three hundred Pounds sterling *per ann.* and at least ten thousand Crowns in Household-stuff. He who propos'd the match between *Dom Marcos* and this *Isidora*, was a famous Trapanner, one that traded in all sorts of Commodities, and a Hole-sale-MERCHANT in the common Druggs of the female Sex. He gave *Dom Marcos* such an advantageous account of the Lady *Isidora*, that it made his teeth water to be acquainted with her, a curiosity he had never had for any person before. Nay, he perswaded him so far that she was rich, and the Widdow of a Cavalier, of one of the best Houses of *Andalusia*, that, upon the first proposals, he accounted himself as good as married to her. That very day, this subtle Sollicitor of Venereal Causes, whose name was *Gamara*, prevail'd with *Dom Marcos* to go along with him to visit *Isidora* at her house. The covetous wretch was ravish'd at the neatness and magnificence of the House, into which *Gamara* brought him, but much better pleas'd, when he conductor assur'd him, that both it, and all within it belong'd to *Isidora*. He found therein such Household-stuff, such *Alcoves*, Couches, and a profusion of Perfumes, as might become a
Lady

Lady of the greatest quality, rather than the future Spouse of a simple Gentleman, that waited on a Grand Signor of *Spain*; and for her own part, he thought her at least a Goddess. *Dom Marcos* found her very busie, about some extraordinary Works, sitting between two of her Waiting-women, both so highly clad, and so handsome, that, notwithstanding the natural aversion he had for expence, and especially that occasion'd by a superfluous number of Domesticks, he would have married *Isidora*, though 'twere onely out of an ambition he then had, to have, at his command, such beautiful young Maids, as he took them to be. *Isidora's* discourse was so excellent, that it not onely pleas'd, but in a manner enchanted, *Dom Marcos*; and what made an absolute conquest of his heart, was a magnificent Collation, at which the fineness of the Linnen, and the sumptuousness of the Plate were answerable to the other rich Household-stuff of the Lady, at whose charge it was. There was present at this Collation a proper young Lad, named *Augustine*, well cloath'd, whom *Isidora* said was her Nephew, and whom his good Aunt, to shew her fondness of him, diminutively called *Augustinetto*, though he were above twenty years of Age. *Isidora* and *Augustinetto* out-vy'd one the other in their treatment of *Dom Marcos*, and were ever presenting him with what they thought best in the Collation; and while our up-start Gentleman satisfi'd his half-starv'd Stomach with provisions for at least one week, at the charge of another, his ears were charm'd by the sweet Voice of the Waiting-woman *Marcella*, who, to the sound of a Virginal, sung certain passionate Airs. *Dom*
Marcos

Marcos forgot his Gentility, and fed like a Farmer, and the Collation ended with the day, the light whereof growing deficient was suppli'd by that of four great wax-candles, in candlesticks of massie silver exquisitely wrought, which *Dom Marcos* immediately resolv'd within himself to reform into one single Lamp, as soon as ever he were married to *Isidora*. *Augustineto* took a Gittar, and plaid several Sarabands, which the crafty *Marcella*, and the other Waiting-gentlewoman *Inez*, danc'd admirably well, exactly answering the sound of the Gittar with their Castagnets. The discreet *Gamara* whisper'd *Dom Marcos* in the ear, that the Lady *Isidora* went to bed betimes. The civil Gentleman staid not for a second advertisement, and thereupon addressing himself to *Isidora*, with such extraordinary complements, and so great protestations of love and service, as he had never made to any before, he took leave both of her, and her Nephew Signor *Augustineto*, leaving them at liberty to say what they thought of him.

Dom Marcos being thus deeply fallen in love with *Isidora*, but much more with her mony, acknowledged to *Gamara*, who accompani'd him to his own lodging, that the beautiful Widow had smitten him in the more amorous part of his soul, and that he would have parted with a finger, on condition he were already marri'd to her; inasmuch as he had never met with any woman that pleas'd his fancy better than she did, telling him withall, that after their marriage, she should not live at such an extravagant rate. "She lives rather like a Princess, than the wife of a private person, says the cautious *Dom Marcos* to the dissembling

K

"com-

“*companion Gamara*, and considers not, that the
 “household-stuff and plate she hath, being turn’d in-
 “to money, and that money added to that which I
 “have, might bring in a considerable yearly rent,
 “which we may lay up for a reserve, and, by the in-
 “dustry it hath pleas’d God to bestow on me, raise a
 “plentiful estate and fortunes for the children we
 “may have between us. But if Heaven shall think
 “fit, that we have no issue, since *Isidora* hath a hope-
 “ful Nephew, we will settle all we shall gather
 “together upon him, provided he answer the expe-
 “ctation I have of his well-doing.

Dom Marcos entertain’d *Gamara* with these
 discourses, or others to the same effect, walking still
 on, till he found himself just at the door of his
 lodging. *Gamara* took his leave of him, after he
 had promised, that the next day he would conclude
 his marriage with *Isidora*, and given him this rea-
 son for his expedition therein, That affairs of that
 nature, many times, miscarried as much by delay as
 by the death of either of the parties. *Dom Marcos*
 kindly embrac’d the dear carrier on of his designs,
 and dismiss’d him. He went immediately back to
Isidora, to give her an account in what posture he
 had left her humble Servant, and in the mean time
 our amorous Gentleman taking out of his pocket
 the end of a wax-candle, he fasten’d it to the point
 of his sword, and having lighted it at a lamp, which
 burn’d before a publick Crucifix, in a place hard
 by, not without making a kind of ejaculatory
 prayer, for the good success of his marriage, he
 open’d, with a Mistress-key, the door of the house
 where he lay, and laid himself down in his wretch-
 ed bed, rather to pass away the night in reflecting
 on his Loves, than in sleeping. the

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The next morning *Gamara* comes to him, and acquainted him with the good news of the conclusion of his marriage with *Isidora*, who referred it to *Dom Marcos*, to appoint the day, on which it should be solemnized. The amorous Miser told *Gamara*, that though he were married that very day, yet would it not be as soon as he wish'd it. *Gamara* repli'd, that it depended wholly on himself to consummate his own happiness: whereupon *Dom Marcos*, embracing him, desir'd the contract might be drawn up that very day. He appointed *Gamara* to meet him in the afternoon, as soon as he pleas'd, after he had waited on his Master at dinner. They both punctually met at the time and place appointed. They went to *Isidora's* house, where *Dom Marcos* was more nobly entertain'd than he had been the time before. *Marcella* sung; *Inez* danc'd; *Augustinotto* plai'd on the Gitthar; and *Isidora*, the principal Actress, gave her future husband an extraordinary Treatment, whereof she knew who should defray the charge at last. He devour'd all was presented to him with as little remorse as a Wolf half-starv'd; and yet he could not forbear censuring the superfluity of the expence in his soul. *Gamara* was sent for a publick Notary; he brought one to act that part. The Articles of the Treaty of Marriage were soon set down, and as soon signed on both sides.

There was a motion made to *Dom Marcos*, that he would play a game at *Primero*, to pass away the time. "Heaven and all the Inhabitants of it forbid, says *Dom Marcos*, I play at any kind of game! No, no; I serve a Master, who would turn me out of his service within a quarter of an

"hour, if he should ever hear that I were a Game-
 "ster; and for my own part, I am not so well
 "skill'd, as to know the Cards. How infinitely am
 "I pleas'd with what Signor *Dom Marcos* hath said,
 "replies *Isidora*, I am every day preaching the
 "same thing to my Nephew *Augustinetto*, but the
 "world is come to that pass now, that the younger
 "sort think themselves too wise, to receive the
 "good counsels and admonitions of their elders,
 "much more to follow them. Go thy ways, unhap-
 "py boy, says she to *Augustinetto*, go bid *Marcella*
 "and *Inez* make an end of their dinner, and come
 "and divert the company with their Castagners.

While *Augustinetto* was gone down to call up
 the Maids, *Dom Marcos*, addressing himself to *Isi-
 dora*, acquainted her with his mind in these terms.
 "If *Augustinetto* will do as I would have him,
 "there are two things he must abstain from, as the
 "most contrary to my nature of any thing in the
 "world, and that is, Gaming, and being abroad
 "late in the night. I am desirous that all those who
 "lie within my doors should be in their beds be-
 "times, and that, as soon as it is dark, the house-
 "doors should be well bolted and lock'd. Not that
 "I am of a distrustful humour; nay, on the contra-
 "ry, I do not think any thing more impertinent
 "than to be so, especially when a man hath an
 "honest and careful wife, as I am more than in
 "hopes to have: but those houses, where there is
 "any thing to be taken, can never be too secure
 "from Thieves, and House-breakers, for if there
 "be but a sink-hole left open, they will make a
 "shift to get in; and for my part, it would break
 "my heart, if some idle rascal of a Thief, without
 "taking.

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"taking any other pains, than what it costs him to
"carry away what he finds, should, in an instant,
"convey away, what I had much ado to get toge-
"ther in many years. For these reasons therefore,
"*continues Dom Marcos*, I will absolutely forbid
"him Gaming and Night-walking, or resign him
"up to be dealt with according to the discretion
"of the Devil, for *Dom Marcos* shall be no longer
"his Tutor.

The cholerick Signor spoke these last words with
so much transportation, that it cost *Isidora* a great
many intreaties and submissions, to lay his great
spirit, and reduce him to his ordinary tranquility.
She did as good as fall on her knees, to desire *Dom*
Marcos, that he would be no longer angry, assuring
him, that her Nephew should give him all the satis-
faction he could expect, for he was but young, and
of the most docile and compliant nature of any she
had ever known.

They fell into some other discourse, upon the
coming in of *Augustine* and the Dancing-women,
and they spent some part of the night in dancing
and singing. *Dom Marcos*, to spare himself the
trouble of returning to his own lodging, would
have persuaded *Isidora*, to condescend, that they
might, from that time, live together, as man and
wife, or that at least he might lie in her house, in
regard it was grown later than he had imagin'd. But
she put on a severe countenance, and earnestly pro-
tested, that ever since the unhappy day that had re-
duc'd her to the condition of Widdow-hood, never
had any man set his foot into the chaste bed which
had sometime been her dear Lord's, nor should any,
till the Church had interpos'd her authority, and
K 3 that,

that, while she were a widow, no person should ever lie under her roof, but her Nephew *Augustine*

Dom Marcos was much pleas'd with her resolution, notwithstanding his amorous impatience. He bid her good-night, return'd to his lodging, accompani'd by *Gamara*, took out of his pocket the candle's end, stuck it to the point of his sword, lighted it at the Lamp before the Crucifix, in a word, did all he had done the night before, so punctual was he in all things, unless it were that he said not his prayers, as he had done, haply because he thought his business effected, and that he stood not in any need of Heaven's further assistance. The Banes of Matrimony were soon ask'd out, for there happen'd to come two or three holy-days together. At last, the marriage, so much desir'd on both sides, was consummated, and the solemnity thereof occasion'd a greater expence then was expected from the penuriousness of the Bride-groom, who, out of a fear of making any breach in his ten thousand Crowns, borrow'd mony of his friends. The chiefest of his Master's servants were at the wedding, and took occasion ever and anon to commend the good choice he had made. The cheer was extraordinary, though at the charge of *Dom Marcos*, who for that time was content to defray all, and, by a prodigy of affection, had caus'd very rich cloaths to be made for *Isidora* and himself.

The Guests departed in good time, and, the coast being clear, *Dom Marcos* went himself and lock'd the doors, and shut to and barr'd the windows, not so much for the security of his wife, as that of the Trunks, wherein his mony lay, which he order'd to be brought into his own room and set close by the nuptial.

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nuptial bed. The young couple went to bed, and while *Dom Marcos* was groping for what he could not find, *Marcella* and *Inez* were grumbling in their own chamber, at the strange humour of their Master, and blaming the forwardness of their Mistress, in taking a husband. *Inez* burst forth into down-right swearing, and said she had rather be a Lay-Sister in a Monastery, than Servant in a house, whereof the doors were lock'd up at nine of the clock. "And what would you do were you in my condition?" says *Marcella* to *Inez*; for your business is to go up and down, to provide for the house, but for my part, who am a Gentlewoman made up in haste, I must lead a retir'd life, with the chaste spouse of a jealous husband, and, of all the Serenades, which were given under our windows, I must hear no more talk, than of the pleasures of the next world. And yet we are not so much to be bemoan'd as our friend *Augustinotto*, says *Inez*. He hath spent his youth in waiting as a Gentleman-usher on her whom he call'd his Aunt, though she were no more so than I am, and now that he is come to write Man, she puts him under the tuition of a Pædagogus, who, no less than a hundred times a day, will reproach him with his diet and cloaths, and God onely knows and himself, whether he came honestly by them. Thou tell'st me in that somewhat I knew not before, replies *Marcella*, and I give over wondring at the severity our Mistress pretended to, when her Nephew *ad honores* grew a little more familiar with us than she would have had him. Had I been any thing forward to believe his protestations, I should soon have depriv'd the Aunt of

“ the Nephew ; but she hath bred me up from a
 “ child, and it is a certain gratitude, for us to be
 “ faithful to those, whose bread we eat. To tell
 “ thee the truth, *continu'd Inez*, I cannot find in
 “ my heart to have any aversion for that young fel-
 “ low, and I must confess, that it rais'd a great com-
 “ passion in me, when I saw him onely dis-satisfi'd,
 “ and out of humour, among so many others who
 “ enjoy'd themselves and were merry.

In these discourses did the two Waiting-women
 spend the time, after they were got into bed, and
 such were their comments on the marriage of their
 Master. Honest *Inez* fell asleep; but *Marcella* had
 somewhat else to do. As soon as she perceiv'd that
 her companion was asleep, she puts on her own
 cloaths, and made up a great bundle of those of *Isi-*
dora's, and some of *Dom Marcos's*, which she had
 slyly got out of their chamber, before the over-cau-
 tious Signor had lock'd the door. Having dispatch'd
 her business, she went her ways, and, because she
 had no intention to return again, she left open the
 doors of that part of the house where *Isidora* liv'd.
 A while after, *Inez* awakes, and not finding her
 companion a-bed with her, she was very desirous
 to know what should become of her at that time of
 the night. She hearken'd a while at *Augustine's*
 chamber-door, not without some distrust and jea-
 lousie : but not hearing any noise within, she went
 to search for her in all those places where she con-
 ceiv'd she might be, and found her nor, but all the
 doors, through which she had pass'd, wide open.
 She went and knock'd at that of the new-married
 couple, and did it with so much noise as put them
 into a fright. She told them that *Marcella* was run
 away.

away, that she had left the doors open, and she was afraid, that she had carried somewhat with her, whereof she intended not ever to make any restitution. *Dom Marcos* starts out of bed, as a person out of his wits, ran to look for his cloaths, but could not find them, nor *Isidora's* wedding-gown. But what compleated his distraction, was, that, after a light was brought into the room, he found, what he least suspected, his dear spouse of a far different figure, from that, under which he had been so much taken with her; nay, so dreadful was the spectacle, that the narrow-hearted fellow was ready to swoond. The poor Lady sitting up half-asleep, half-awake in her bed, never minded, that her periwig was fallen off. At last, she sees it on the ground, fallen down by the bed-side, and, taking it up, would have put it on; but a thing is never well, when it is done with too much precipitation. She put on the dress with that part before which should have been behind, so that her face, which, so betimes in the morning, had not receiv'd all its diurnal ornaments, appear'd in a very odd posture, and painted as it was, seem'd so dreadful to *Dom Marcos*, that he was afraid it might be some apparition. If he cast his eyes on her, he saw an uncouth monster, and if he look'd about the room, he could not see his cloaths. *Isidora*, extremely at a loss, made a shift to perceive that some of her counterfeit teeth were entangled in the long, brushy, and well-bristled moustaches of her husband. She went to retrieve them thence with much confusion; but the poor man, whom she had frighten'd almost out of himself, imagining she had no reason to put her hands so near his face, out of any other design, than to take him

him by the throat, or scratch out his eyes, retreated, and shunn'd her approaches, with so much nimbleness, that she, not admitted to close with him, was at last forc'd to acknowledge, that his Multachoes had got away some of her teeth. *Dom Marcos*, upon that, began to stroak them up, and having met with his Wives teeth, which had sometime been those of an Elephant, an original Inhabitant of *Africk*, or the *East-Indies*, he flung them at her head with much indignation. She gather'd them together, as well those scatter'd in the Bed, as those about the Room, and made her escape into a little Closet, with that exquisite treasure, and some head-brushes, which she took out of the Bag, where her Night-cloaths were.

In the mean time, *Dom Marcos* having sufficiently renounc'd his Christianity, set himself down in a chair, where he made most sad reflections on the misfortune had befallen him, in marrying a woman, who, by the snows of at least sixty winters, that powder'd her shav'd pate, had discover'd her self to be older than he was, by twenty years, yet not so well stricken in them, but that she might spend the other score in his company, nay, haply more. *Augustinetto*, who was awak'd by the noise, came into the room, with his cloaths half off, half on, and did all lay in his power to appease the Husband of his Aunt by adoption: but all the Answer the poor Man could make to his remonstrances, was, to sigh, and sometimes smite his thighs, sometimes his face, with his bare hand. Then was it, that he bethought him of a noble Gold chain he had borrow'd, to adorn himself withal on his Wedding-day; but all he had left of it, was that sad
remem-

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remembrance. *Marcella* had got it in the bundle of cloaths, which she had carried away. He look'd up and down for it, with some patience and tranquillity, very diligently searching every cranny about the Chamber: but when he had wearied himself with searching, and was convinc'd, that it was lost, together with all the pains he had taken to look for it, never was there such a conflict of rage and affliction, as then distracted the poor *Dom Marcos*. His sighs were so loud, that, if people had been awake, they might have been heard over the whole quarter. Upon those doleful lamentations, *Isidora* comes out of the closet, but so chang'd, and so beautiful, that he thought his Wife now the third time metamorphos'd. He look'd on her with a certain astonishment, and spoke not to her with any indignation. He took out of one of his Trunks the cloaths he wore every day, put them on, and, follow'd by *Augustinetto*, went out to weary himself in running up and down the streets, after the mischievous *Marcella*. They sought, and search'd, and enquir'd, but all to no purpose, till the clock striking twelve minded them of their Dinner, which was made up of what had been left of the Wedding-feast. *Dom Marcos* and *Isidora* fell a quarrelling, as people that were desirous to eat, and fed as heartily as people inclining to quarrel. Yet would *Isidora* now and then put in a word, to pacifie *Dom Marcos*, and to bring him into his former peaceable humour, speaking to him with the greatest humility and mildness imaginable, and *Augustinetto* did all he could to make an accommodation between them: but the loss of the Chain of Gold was as great a torment to *Dom Marcos*,

Marcos, as if he had been run through the Body with a Dagger.

They were ready to rise from the Table, and onely staid for *Augustineto* to make an end, who minded his belly more than their difference, when there came into the room two men, from the Admiral of *Castell's* Steward, to entreat Madam *Isidora*, that she would return the Plate he had lent her for fifteen days, and which she had now kept a month. *Isidora* knew not any other Answer to make them, than that it should be forth-coming. *Dom Marcos* told them that it was now his, and that he would keep it. One of the men staid in the room, to be in sight of what they made so much difficulty to restore, while the other went to the Steward, who immediately came, and reproach'd *Isidora* with her unhandsome carriage, made little account of the opposition of *Dom Marcos*, and all he had to say for himself, carried away the Plate, and left the Man and Wife ready to quarrel, upon this new occasion of quarreling. Their contest was almost brought to an accommodation, when a Broker, accompanied by his Servants, and some Porters, came into the room, and told *Isidora*, that, since she was richly match'd, he came for the Household-stuff she had taken upon hire, together with the Brokage-mony, unless she had a mind to buy them out-right, and so spare him the trouble of taking them down.

This unexpected accident put *Dom Marcos* out of all patience; he would have beaten the Broker; the Broker made it appear that he was a man as able to return as to receive, and fell a railing at *Isidora*, who return'd him as good as he brought.

He

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He beat her ; she reveng'd her self as well as she could , the consequence whereof was, that, in a short time, the floor was strew'd with the teeth and hair of *Isidora*, and the cloak, hat, and gloves of *Dom Marcos*, who, though he had little reason for it, would needs take his Wife's part.

While the Combatants gather up the broken pieces of their harness, and the Broker carries away the goods, and is paid for the use of them, as a Broker, and that all together make a noise as if Hell were broke loose, the Landlord of the House, who had Lodgings in some part of it, comes into *Isidora's* room, and told her, that he would not have such a stir kept in his House, and that if they resolv'd to continue it, they should look out for another Lodging. "How now, you impertinent Coxcomb," says *Dom Marcos*, do you get out of mine, "or I shall send you hence with more expedition than you came hither. The Landlord answer'd him with a box on the ear ; he who had receiv'd it, being weary of that kind of engagement, look'd about for his Sword or Ponyard ; but *Marcella* had carri'd them away. *Isidora* and her pretended Nephew step'd in between them, and appeas'd the Landlord, but could prevail little with *Dom Marcos*, who running his head against the walls, call'd *Isidora* a thousand damn'd-base-pilfering-impudent-cheating-and-trapanning-Whores. *Isidora* made him Answer, weeping, that she could not use too much subtilty, to draw in so deserving a *Dom Marcos* as he was, and therefore he should rather applaud her ingenuity, than beat her, as he had done, adding withal, that a Husband, even in point of honour, was blameable for beating his Wife.

Dom

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Dom Marcos, swearing very learnedly, protested, that he knew no other point of honour than his Money, and that he would be unmarried. *Isidora*, with an excessive humility, made a contrary protestation, that she would never consent thereto; swore to *Dom Marcos*, that it was not in his power to dissolve the sacred tye of a lawful Marriage, and advis'd him to patience.

He was once more appeas'd, and bethought himself, that a new Lodging must be taken, the old one being grown too hot for them. *Dom Marcos* and the Nephew went out to take one, and so *Isidora* had a little relaxation. These unexpected accidents rais'd a little commotion within her, but when she look'd about the room, and saw, not the Hangings, for those were gone, but the Trunks well lin'd with Silver, she took heart, and bore the more patiently the testy disposition of the Husband which brought them thither.

Dom Marcos took some convenient Lodgings in the same Quarter, where his Master liv'd, and sent back *Augustinetto* to dine with his Aunt, being himself, as he said, too much press'd with grief, to eat out of the same Dish with that transcendent Cheat. But in the evening he came to her, with all the day's vexation, and cruel as a Tygre; not so much out of kindness to the Woman, as to visit his Trunks, and, by his presence, to secure them. *Isidora* entertain'd him with all the submissions and complacency imaginable; insomuch that they lay together, and pass'd away the night without any alarms. In the morning, as soon as she was dress'd, she had the confidence to desire him, to go to the new Lodgings, there to receive the Goods, which she would

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would order her Nephew and *Inez* to see brought thither in a Waggon. *Dom Marcos* went thither, and, while he was contriving how to dispose of them into several rooms, the ungrateful *Isidora*, the young Rogue *Augustine*, and the perfidious *Inez* plotted together, and pack'd up all the best things in a Wagon, got into it themselves, leave *Madrid*, and take their way towards *Barcelona*. *Dom Marcos* grew weary of staying for them, and went back to his old quarters, where he found the Doors lock'd, and was told by the Neighbours, that they were gone away with the Goods many hours since. He return'd to the place from whence he came, imagining he had miss'd the Wagon by the way, but found no more than what he had left there. He immediately marches back again, mistrusting what misfortune might have happened to him; he breaks open the Door, and found there, onely some old Bed-steeds, Stools, Tables, and Fire-irons, which it seems they thought either too troublesome, or not worth the carrying away. There was no body to be reveng'd on but himself; his venerable Beard and Hair were the first sufferers for his folly; then his Eyes; he bit his Fingers till the blood gush'd out, and had a great temptation to make away with himself; but the hour was not yet come.

There are not any so unfortunate, but they flatter themselves with some hope: he ran up and down to all the Inns about *Madrid*, to find out those, who had left him so basely in the lurch, but could not meet with any tidings of them. *Isidora* had not been so simple as to hire a Wagon that should return thither any more; she had taken it up at a Village not far from *Madrid*, and, to avoid

void pursuit, had agreed with the Wagoner, that he should make no longer stay in the City, than were requisite to take in her self, her company, and her goods. Wearier than a Dog, that had run all day after a Hare and mist her, the poor Gentleman was returning from his searching the Inns about the City and Suburbs, when it was his chance, to meet *Marcella* full-but in the streets. He laid hold of her, "Have I met with thee, O thou most un-chievous of all thy Sex, *said he*, thou shalt now restore all thou hast stolen from me. O my God, my dear Creator, *replies the crafty Baggage*, without the least discovery of any trouble, how did it always run in my thoughts, that all the mischief would fall upon my head! My dearest Master, be pleas'd to hear me, for the Blessed Virgin's sake: do but give me the hearing, before your dishonour me. I am an honest Maid, and of good repute, and the least scandal you should force me to give my Neighbour, would be infinitely prejudicial to me, for I am upon the point of marriage. Be pleas'd to go along with me into the Entry of this House, and afford me but your patient attention for a quarter of an hour, and I will tell you what is become of your Chain, and all you have lost. I had been already inform'd, that I was charg'd with all that had pass'd, and I told my Mistress what it would come to, when she commanded me to do what I accordingly did: but she was Mistress; I, her Servant. Wo is me! How miserable are they whose dependance is upon others, and what pains they take, and what mischief they must sometimes do, to earn a piece of bread.

Done

Dom Marcos was a person guilty of as little malice as any other; the tears and eloquence of the crafty *Marcella* prevail'd with him, not onely to hearken to her, but also to believe what she said to him. He went therefore along with her into the entry of a great house, where she told him, that *Isidora* was an old decaid Curtezan, who had ruin'd all those who were so unhappy as to fall in love with her; yet had not much advantag'd her self thereby, by reason of the vast expences she was at. She further acquainted him with what she had understood from her companion *Inez*, that *Augustinotto* was not *Isidora's* Nephew, but a kind Night-bird, the Bastard of another Curtezan, of her acquaintance, and that she maintain'd him, under the notion of her Nephew, to gain her self the greater authority among those of her own profession, and to revenge her quarrels. She told him, that she had deliver'd the gold-chain & the other things she had carri'd away, to that young Hector, & that it was by his order, she had gone away in the night, and without taking her leave, which was a pure trick put upon her, that she onely might be thought guilty of so loud an action.

This plausible story *Marcella* told *Dom Marcos*, out of a hope it might procure her escape out of his hands, or at least to observe the good custom, which most Servants have, to be very apt to lie, and to tell of their Masters, as well what they do not, as what they do, know. She concluded her vindication, with a promise that all things should be return'd him when he least expected it, exhorting him in the mean time to exercise his patience. "You speak very well, says *Dom Marcos* to her, but I think it as likely, that I shall never see any thing again

L

"this;

"there being but little probability, that the perfidi-
 "ous Quean, who hath carried away all I have been
 "gathering together these thirty years, should ever
 "come back again to make me any restitution. He
 thereupon told *Marcella* all that had happen'd at
Isidora's lodgings since her departure thence. "Is
 "it possible, she should be at such a loss of all con-
 "science, *says she to Marcella* to him. Ah! my
 "dear Master, now I perceive, it was not without
 "just grounds, that I pitied your condition; but I
 "durst not tell you so much, for the very night
 "your things were carried away, I was representing
 "it my Mistress, that it would be unworthily done,
 "to meddle with your chain; but what bitter words,
 "and blows it cost my poor carcase, he above onely
 "knows. I have told thee but the truth, how all
 "things stand, *says Dom Marcos to her, fetching a*
 "*deep sigh*, and the worst of it is, that I have not the
 "least apprehension of any remedy. I have then
 "somewhat to propose to you in this extremity,
 "*repli'd Marcella.* There is a certain person in
 "this City, of my acquaintance, who, with God's
 "permission, will tell you where you may find
 "these people, who have so highly injur'd you. He
 "is a person admirable for his deep learning, and
 "one that hath Legions of Devils at his devotion,
 "and commands them with such an absolute
 "power, as if he were the Prince of darkness him-
 "self. And what makes more for the attainment
 "of your desires, you are to know, that this ex-
 "cellent man hath so great a kindness for me, that
 "I am in hopes ere long to be his wife.

The credulous *Dom Marcos* entreated her, of
 all love, that she would bring him to the sight of
 this

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this miracle of the Black Art; which *Marcella* promis'd she would do, and appointed him to meet her, the next day, at the same place. *Dom Marcos* came, and had not been there long, ere *Marcella* came also, who immediately told the besotted man, that the Magician, of whom she had spoken to him the day before, had already taken some pains, in order to the finding out of what had been stolen from him, and that, to carry on his work, he wanted onely a certain quantity of Amber, Musk, and some other Perfumes, to enterrain the Spirits he was to invoke, who were all of the first order, and of the best Houses in Hell. *Dom Marcos*, without any deliberation, carri'd *Marcella* to the Drug-sters, and bought what quantities thereof she appointed him, so infinitely did he think himself oblig'd to her, that she had found him out a Magician. She afterwards conducted him to an obscure house, which look'd very suspiciously, where, in a ground-room, or rather a Cellar, wretchedly matted about, he was receiv'd, by a man in a long Cassock, with a huge bushy beard, who spoke to him with a great deal of gravity.

After a little discourse, the Student of the infernal Sciences, whom *Dom Marcos* look'd on with abundance of respect and fear, lighted two black wax-candles, and gave them the frighten'd fellow to hold, in each hand one; caus'd him to sit down in a very low chair, and exhorted him, but too late, not to fear any thing. He put afterwards several questions to him, as to his age, course of life, and the goods which had been taken away from him; and after he had look'd into a Glass that stood by, and read some time in a certain book, he told *Dom*

Marcos, who was ready to—— for fear, that he had found out where the things were, and thereupon describ'd them, one after another, so exactly, according to the instructions he had receiv'd from *Marcella*, that *Dom Marcos* let the candles fall out of his hands, to go and embrace him about the neck. The grave Magician blam'd him very much for his impatience, and told him, that the operations of his infallible Art requir'd a serious and reserv'd composure of the body, adding withal, that, for actions, of a lower degree of confidence & familiarity, the Spirits had sometimes beaten, nay strangled some men. *Dom Marcos* grew pale at those words, and settled himself again in his chair, after he had taken up the candles.

The Magician ask'd for the perfumes, which *Dom Marcos* had bought, and the counterfeit *Marcella* deliver'd them to him. Till then, she had been a devout spectator of the Ceremonies; but, being now upon the point of Invocation, he order'd her to quit the room, pretending that the Spirits could not endure the company of woman-kind, especially if there were any mistrust of the dilapidation of their Virginity. *Marcella*, making a low curtzy, went out of the room, and the Magician taking a copper chaffing-dish, full of coals, made as if he cast on them the perfumes, which *Dom Marcos* had brought, but he had mix'd among them a good quantity of stinking sulphur, which made such a thick smook, that the Magician himself, who had unadv'rsedly bow'd down his head too near the coals, was almost choak'd by it. He cough'd as violently as if he had had a burr in his throat; and so often, that his bushy beard, which was not of the growth

growth of the Country where it was then planted, and it seems had not been well fasten'd, fell down, and discover'd the Magician, to be the same pernicious *Gamarara*, who had trapann'd him into all his misfortunes.

Upon this discovery, *Dom Marcos* made no difficulty to fling away his magical candles and to take the Impostor by the throat, which he grasp'd as hard as he could, crying out, with a dreadful voice, *Thieves, Thieves*. The Magistrate, attended by some Officers, chanc'd to pass by just at that time; They came into the house, where they imagin'd the noise was made, which was the greater, in regard *Gamarara*, whom *Dom Marcos* still had by the throat, cri'd out as loud as the other. The Officers, at their entrance into the house, met with *Marcella*, whom they secur'd, and, afterwards, having broke open the door of the Necromantical chamber, they found *Dom Marcos* and *Gamarara* grapled together, and tumbling up and down the floor. The Magistrate knew *Gamarara* for a person, he had look'd after a long time, and one he had order to apprehend as a notorious Night-walker, a Pandar, and a searcher of other mens houses without any Commission. He commanded them all three to prison, and caus'd an inventory to be taken of all things found in the room. *Dom Marcos* was set at liberty the next day, upon his Master's engagement for him. He was brought in as a witness against *Gamarara* and *Marcella*, who were found guilty of having stollen those goods of his which were named in the Inventory. There were many other things found, some whereof they had stollen, some taken in, as Pawns, for *Gamarara* was a Jew, and consequently a Broker, and an Usurer. When he was taken, he was upon the point of marriage with *Marcella*, who brought him, as a portion, besides what she

she had stoll'n from *Dom Marcos*, an inclination to steal, not inferiour to that of her future husband; an aptitude to learn any thing he would have taught her, nay to exceed her Tutor, and a body handsome, wholesome, and young enough, to be often bought, often seal'd and deliver'd, and likely to weather out, a long time, all the services and inconveniences of Curtezanism.

The justness of *Dom Marcos's* cause, supported by the mediation of his Master, procur'd him the restitution of all had been stollen from him. *Gamara* was condemn'd to the Gallies for the remainder of his life, unless he should out-live ninety-nine years; and *Marcella* was order'd to be severely whipp'd, and banish'd; and the common opinion was, that they were both very favourably dealt with. As for *Dom Marcos*, he was not so glad of having recover'd some of his things, and being reveng'd of *Gamara* and *Marcella*, as troubled, that the cheating Rogue was no real Magician. The loss of his ten thousand Crowns made him in a manner distracted. He went every day to visit all the Inns about *Madrid*, till, at last, he met with certain Mule-drivers, who, returning from *Barcelona*, told him, that they had met, within four or five days journey of *Madrid*, a Wagon, loaden with household-stuff, in which there were two women and a young man, and that they were forc'd to make some stay at an Inn, because two of their Mules had di'd by the way, through over-driving. They describ'd the man and the two women, so as that *Dom Marcos* presum'd they could be no other than *Isidora*, *Inez*, and *Augustine*. Upon this advertisement, without any further deliberation, he put himself into a Pilgrim's habit, and having got Letters of recommendation from his Master, to the Vice-

Vice-Roy of *Catalonia*, and a Decree our of the Court against his fugitive wife, he took his way towards *Barcelona*, sometimes a foot, sometimes on Mules, and got thither in a few days.

He went immediately to the Port, to take up his lodging, and the first thing he saw, as he came into it, was his own Trunks, carried by Porters into a Shallop, and *Isidora*, *Inez*, and *Augustine* marching after them, as a Convoy, to be thence convey'd into a Vessel that lay in the Haven, wherein they were to embark for *Naples*. *Dom Marcos* follow'd his enemies, and went along with them into the Shallop, as fierce as a Lion. They knew him not, by reason of his broad-brimm'd Pilgrim's hat, and took him for one going to our Lady's of *Loretto*, whereas the Mariners receiv'd him as one of the same company, because he came in so confidently along with them.

Dom Marcos, being thus got into the Shallop, could not sit still, by reason of the distraction of his thoughts, not so much out of any reflect on what should become of himself, as what should become of his Trunks. In the mean time, the Shallop made towards the Vessel, and with such speed, or rather *Dom Marcos* was so taken up with what run in his mind, that he was got under the Vessel, ere he thought himself near her. They began to get up the things; which action awaken'd *Dom Marcos* out of the Lethargy he was in, which yet was not such, but that he still had his eye on the dearest of his Trunks wherein all his money was. One of the Mariners came to fasten that Trunk, with some others, to the pully, to be drawn up into the Vessel. Then it was, that *Dom Marcos* forgot himself; he saw the Trunk fasten'd, though he sat close by, yet was not mov'd; but seeing it lifted up in the

the air, he laid hold on it with both hands, by the iron rings, whereby it was remov'd from one place to another, resolv'd never to part with it any more. 'Tis possible, he might have had his desire; for what will not a covetous person do, to preserve his mony? But, as ill fortune would have it, that Trunk got loose from the other two, which were fasten'd with it, and falling just upon the head of the unfortunate Miser, who yet would not let go his hold, tumbled him into the Sea, and thence into another place ten times deeper than it. *Isidora*, *Inez*, and *Augustine* knew him, just as he and the Trunk were falling into the water: but the loss of the one put them into a greater trouble, than the revenge they fear'd from the other. *Augustine*, enrag'd to see such a vast summe of mony lost, and not able to smother the first eruptions of his fury, gave the Mariner, who had been so negligent in the fastning of the Trunks, a hearty blow over the face. The Mariner return'd it with interest, and prosecuted his revenge so far, till, at last, he turn'd him over-board. As he was falling into the water, he laid hold on the unfortunate *Isidora*, who could not lay hold on any thing, and so was forc'd to accompany her dear Nephew, who, much against his will, went to see what was become of *Dom Marcos*. *Inez* made a shift to get up into the Vessel, with what was remaining of the goods, which she squander'd away in a short time at *Naples*; and, after she had traded, and liv'd many years, a Curtezian, she at last di'd like a Curtezian, that is, in the Hospital.

F I N I S.

